MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

PSYCHO

47357
NO 6
MAY
1972
60¢

T.M.

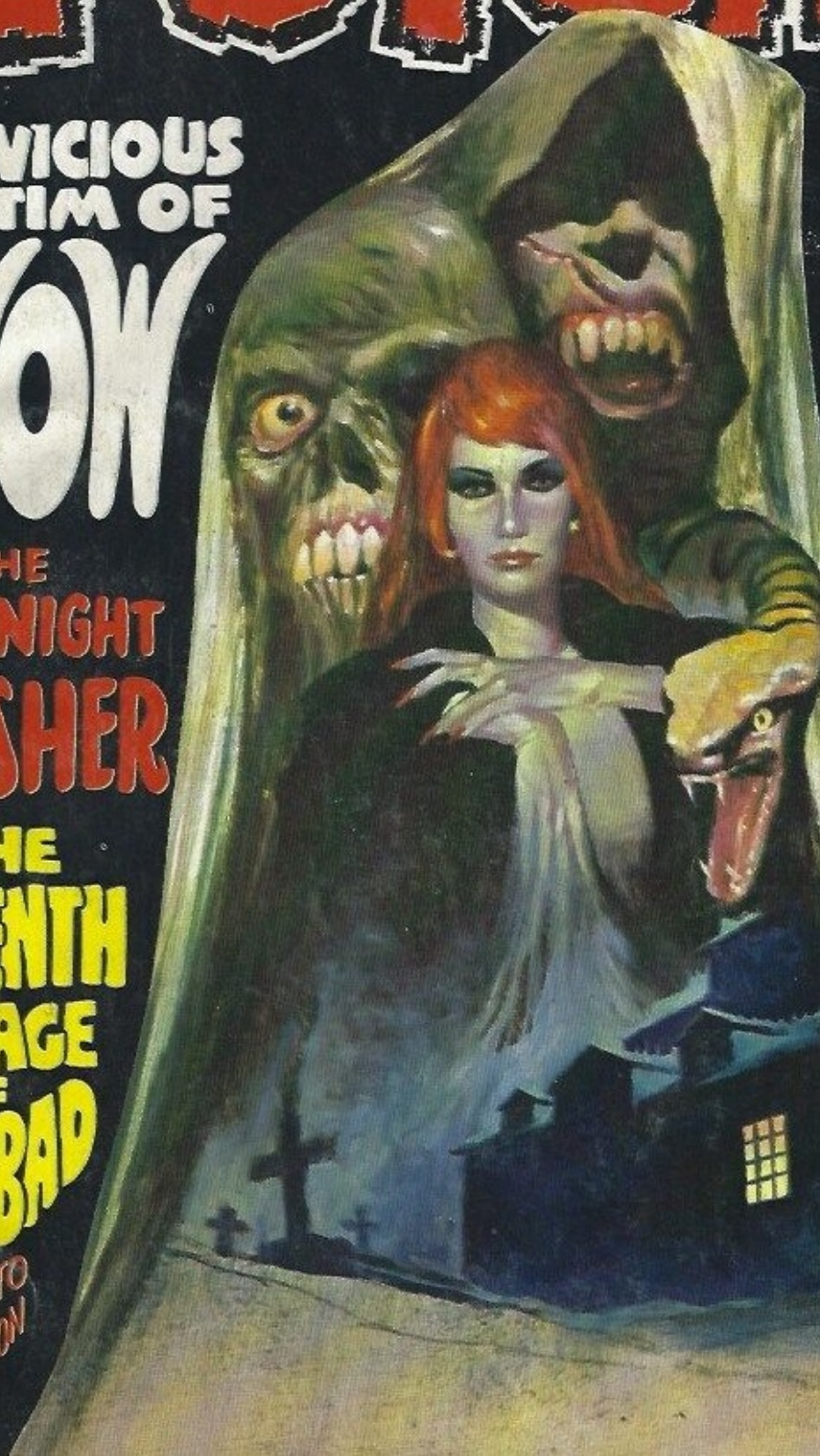
A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

THE VICIOUS VICTIM OF THE VOW

THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD

A PHOTO PHENOMENON



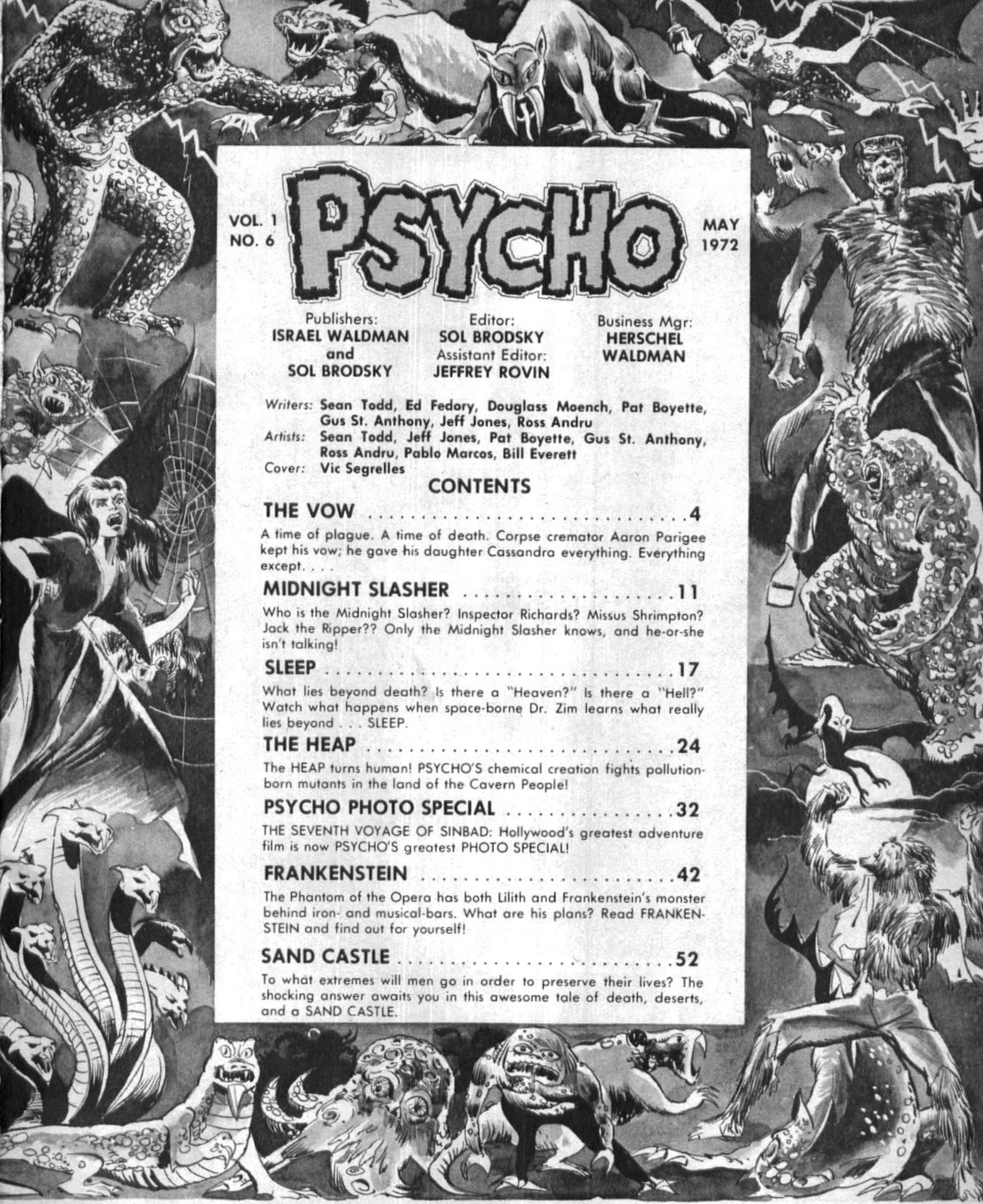
Frankenstein and the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

SAND CASTLE

THE HEAP TURNS HUMAN

PSYCHO'S SUPERNATURAL SERIES

ABRASAX is a chimera from whose name is derived the sorcerer's word ABRACADABRA. He is represented as having the head of a cock and the feet of a dragon: he carries around with him a whip. Students of withchcraft and mythology have pictured him as a demon with the head of a king and with serpents for legs. To the Egyptian Basilides, ABRASAX was the supreme god. Because the sum of the seven Greek letters contained in his name was 365-the number of days in the year-these second-century heretics gave him control of several spirits who presided over the three hundred and sixty-five virtues, one for each and every day.



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TONIGHT – AARON PARIGEE WOULD NOT DREAM HIS CURSE OF THE DAMNED! HE WOULD NOT STAND AT THE MOUTH OF A HELL, PEOPLED WITH VILE, RANCID, LOATHSOME THINGS SPAWNED IN THE DARK RILLS OF A TORMENTED MEMORY!!
NO.. NOT TONIGHT.. FOR THIS DAY HE HAD KEPT...
THE VOW!
Boyette

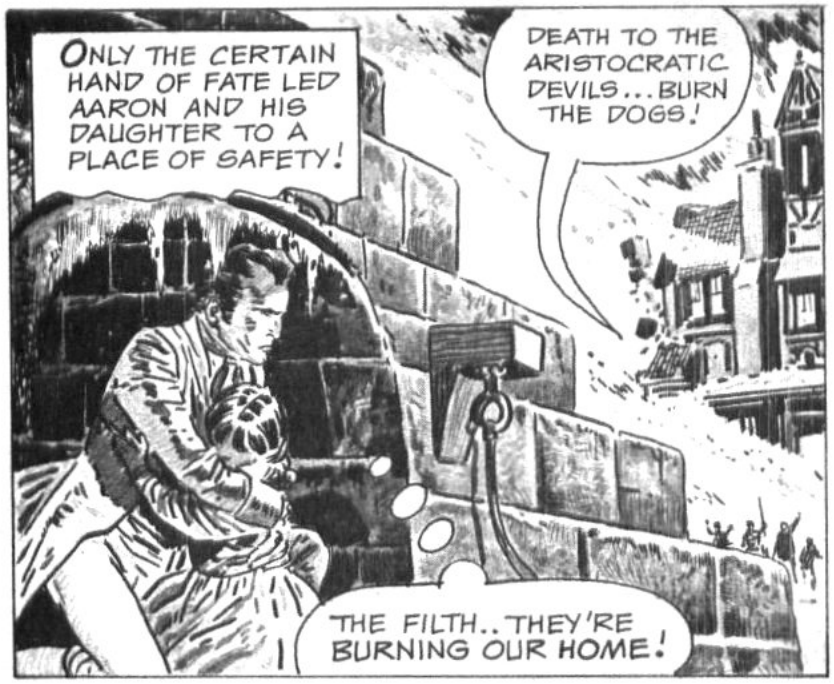
BUT, EVEN IN THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH, AARON'S TORTURED BODY TREMBLED FROM A FAMILIAR, CHILLING SPASM THAT SEEMED TO ERUPT FROM THE ICY PULP OF HIS OWN MARROW .. AND HIS THOUGHTS RACED BACK TO THAT DAY SO LONG AGO WHEN HIS WIFE LAY DYING.. A VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE....

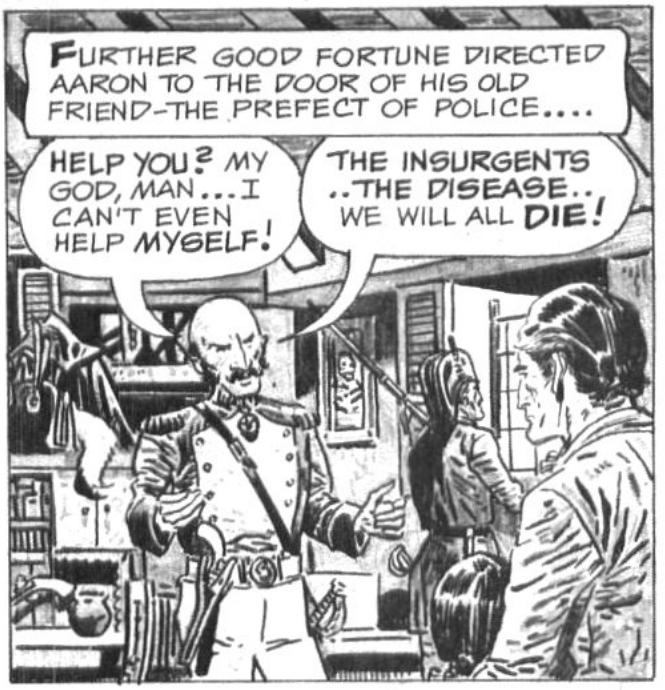
AND THERE WAS ALSO THE LIVING DEAD WHO DEFILED THE NIGHTS WITH THEIR PUTRID BODIES, THEIR ANGRY OATHS, AND THEIR VENGEFUL FIRES!
BURN
BURN

Script and Art by: PAT BOYETTE

OH, MY DEAR MADALAYNE... DO NOT FRET FOR THE CHILD.. SHE WILL PREVAIL.. AND I WILL GIVE HER EVERYTHING HER HEART SHOULD DESIRE! THIS MY VOW TO YOU!

SIRE.. YOUR WIFE IS DEAD.. AND I MUST LEAVE... THERE ARE MANY TO ATTEND...
HOLY


ONLY THE CERTAIN HAND OF FATE LED AARON AND HIS DAUGHTER TO A PLACE OF SAFETY!
DEATH TO THE ARISTOCRATIC DEVILS... BURN THE DOGS!
THE FILTH.. THEY'RE BURNING OUR HOME!


FURTHER GOOD FORTUNE DIRECTED AARON TO THE DOOR OF HIS OLD FRIEND-THE PREFECT OF POLICE....
HELP YOU? MY GOD, MAN... I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!
THE INSURGENTS ..THE DISEASE.. WE WILL ALL DIE!

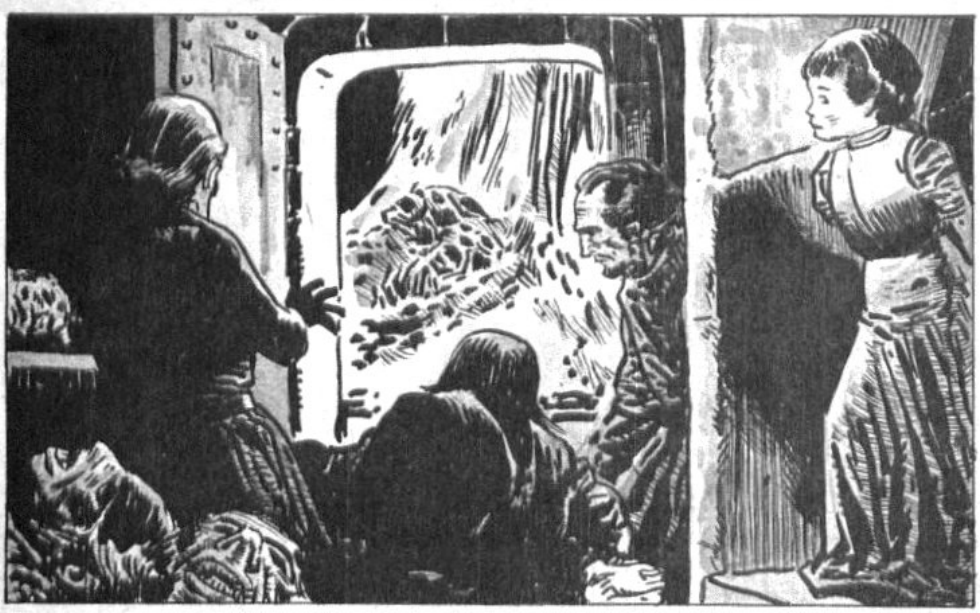
WAIT! ..THERE IS ONE THING..I NEED A MAN TO OVERSEE DISPOSAL OF THE CORPSES! WE MUST AT LEAST PRETEND AT CIVILIZATION!
YES..I WILL DO IT! AND- THERE IS A HOUSE AT THE CREMATORIUM .. WE CAN STAY THERE!

AND SO IT BEGAN ..THAT GRISLY TASK! BUT AARON AND HIS DAUGHTER WERE SAFE IN THEIR FORTRESS OF DESPAIR!
RUE
La Rogue
2

AND THERE WERE EVEN REWARDS MANY OF THE CADAVERS CARRIED VALUABLES!
THE DEVIL WILL NOT GET EVERYTHING.. NO.. WE SHALL BE PAID FOR THIS LEPEROUS WORK... WE SHARE ALIKE!
OTHER THAN OURSELVES.. THERE ARE FEW WITH COURAGE TO TOUCH THE DEAD.. EVEN TO TAKE THEIR TREASURE!

THROUGH THE NIGHTS OF TERROR, AARON PARIGEE'S LEGION ROAMED WITH IMMUNITY TO DISEASE AND REVOLUTION... COLLECTING THE HUMAN REFUGE THAT LITTERED THE STREETS AND DOORWAYS...
AND FROM THE CREMATORIUM BELCHED CONSTANT CLOUDS OF ACRID SMOKE..

AARON SET ABOUT HIS WORK WITH A FURY THAT MADE HIM OBLIVIOUS TO HIS SURROUNDINGS—EVEN TO THE WIDE LITTLE EYES-TRANSFIXED ON THE MORBID ACTIVITY...



HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER CASSANDRA WAS AARON'S ONLY JOY.. AND HER WARMTH SEEMED TO SOFTEN THE DEEP TRENCHES OF STRAIN THAT SLASHED HIS FACE...

IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED ..THERE WAS NEVER A SHORTAGE OF CLIENTS..THE PLAGUE WAS REPLACED BY THE GUILLOTINE! A JADED AARON PARIGEE NO LONGER RETCHED AT THE ODOR OF HIS NECROPOLIS! THE LOOK OF THE DEAD WAS SO COMMONPLACE THAT HE CEASED TO SEE IT...
HOWEVER, THE HORRORS OF HIS WORLD WERE NONE-THE-LESS REAL, AND A SINGLE EXPERIENCE SERVED TO JOLT HIS AWARENESS...
CASSANDRA! CASSANDRA, WHERE ARE YOU GIRL?
I'M UP HERE FATHER!
..AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE ATTIC?
..I'M VISITING WITH MY FRIEND!
FRIEND? YOU HAVE NO...
..FRIEND!
THIS IS MIMI!

NAUSEA AND GUILT STABBED AT AARON'S SOUL AS HE RETREATED FROM THE REPULSIVE SCENE...
I'VE FAILED MY DAUGHTER IN A MOST HORRIBLE WAY ...I VOWED TO BRING HER HAPPINESS.. BUT.. BUT... I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT UP TO HER!

IN DESPERATION, AARON SHOWERED CASSANDRA WITH GIFTS, BUT LIKE MOST FATHERS, HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT SHE COULD NO LONGER BE INTERESTED IN CHILDISH BAUBLES.. FOR RECENTLY THERE WAS A DIFFERENT LIGHT IN HER EYES...

THEN.. ONE NIGHT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT.. HE GLIMPSED A FAMILIAR FIGURE AS IT SWEPT ACROSS THE COURTYARD!

AND SO AARON RECEIVED STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE.. HIS BRAIN EXPLODED.. HIS SENSES REELED..

.. BUT NOW HE COULD ACT IN A MOST POSITIVE WAY AGAINST THIS NEW MENACE TO HIS DAUGHTER!

CASSANDRA LAPSED INTO DEEP DESPAIR..AND IN SORROW SHE BEGAN TO WASTE AWAY...

CASSANDRA..YOU MUST UNDERSTAND...THAT MAN CANNOT BE A 'RIGHT LOVE' FOR YOU! I KNOW HIM TO BE ANDRE BRIGANCE... AND HE IS A RUMORED PARAMOUR OF THE EMPRESS ..AND IF THE EMPEROR KNEW OF THAT SHABBY LITTLE AFFAIR..HE'D..

SO..IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THAT AN UNSIGNED LETTER APPEARED IN THE EMPEROR'S QUARTERS...

THOSE IN AUTHORITY SAID THE NOTE OF INDICTMENT THREW THE EMPEROR INTO A FROTHING RAGE..

..AND ALTHOUGH BRIGANCE MAY HAVE BEEN A GREAT LOVER..HE WAS A PITIFULLY POOR LIAR...

NOW..WE COME TO THIS NIGHT AND AARON PARIGEE'S COMFORT IN HAVING BROUGHT JOY TO HIS DAUGHTER'S ACHING HEART..

THE COMPETENT UNION OF A SCARLET LETTER, CUPID, AND LA BELLE GUILLOTINE HAD DELIVERED THE GROOM..AND EVEN NOW A LOVING CASSANDRA IS BUSY...

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?
DONG DONG DONG
HE'S TALL, HE'S GAUNT AND RECKLESS. HE'S CRAFTY, CRUEL, AND SENSELESS...
DONG DONG DONG
DONG DONG DONG
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER
WHA--?! THE SLASHER!
NO! NO! AAAGGHH!
HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE WHO LURKS ON THE THRESHOLD OF FEAR--
THE SLASHER'S WORK, INSPECTOR RICHARDS! AND IT HAPPENED AT MIDNIGHT--JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!
HE SEEMS TO SELECT HIS VICTIMS AT RANDOM!
...SETTLES FOR WHOEVER'S AROUND AT MIDNIGHT!

Script by: DOUG MOENCH Art by PABLO MARCOS

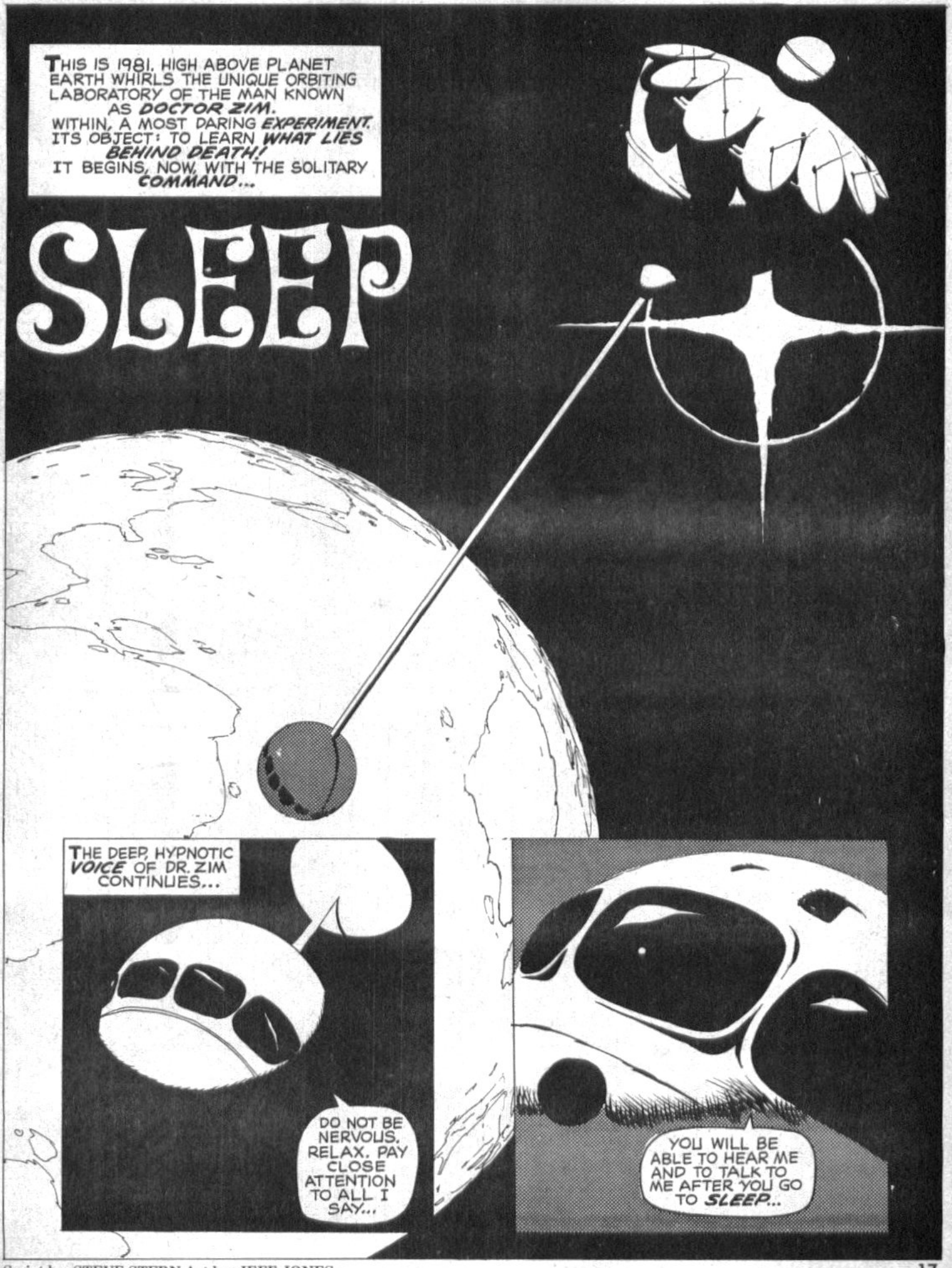
"DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE ON EVERYONE'S TONGUE..."
IT'S JUST BLOODY 'ORRIBLE, MISS WATTS! THE SLASHER DID IN ANOTHER ONE LAST NIGHT, AND WHAT ARE THE POLICE DOIN' ABOUT 'IM? NOTHIN' THEY AIN'T!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, MISSUS SHRIMPTON! THE POLICE WILL CATCH HIM SOON ENOUGH!
THE POLICE! HAH!--THEY NEVER CAUGHT SLY JACK, DID THEY? THE RIPPER MADE FOOLS OF THEM--JUST LIKE THE SLASHER'S DOIN'!
PLEASE, I'VE NO TIME FOR HYSTERICAL TALK. LEAVE ME ALONE!
HAVE YOU EVER SENSED THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE WHO CREEPS OUTSIDE YOUR WALLS...
DONG DONG DONG
HE'LL SMASH YOUR WINDOWS... SMOTHER YOUR CRIES...
BRA KASH CHINKLE
DONG DONG
NO, GOD, N-NO...THE S-SLASHER! NO, NO...
DONG DONG DONG
iKRASHH!
AAAIIEEE!
DONG DONG DONG

SO YOU LEFT JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT, AND HEARD MISS WATTS SCREAMING...?
I RAN BACK TO SEE WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT! POOR MISS WATTS! WHAT ARE YOU POLICE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT!
FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO BE COGNIZANT OF ALL THE FACTS. LEST WE UNDERTAKE SPECIOUS INTERPOLATIONS STEEPED IN SOPHISTRY OR INSIGNIFICANT ABSURDITY!
ACH, FANCY WORDS WON'T BRING YE ANY CLOSER TO THE SLASHER!
NEVERTHELESS, I THINK IT ADVANTAGEOUS TO PURSUE MY LINE OF INTERROGATION. NOW, THE SLASHER ENTERED THE BEDROOM THROUGH THE WINDOW...
HOW DID YOU KNOW HE CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...
...WELL, ERR... I'VE STUDIED THE REPORTS MY MEN HAVE DELIVERED!
REPORTS! BAH! IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SLASHER, I WILL! GOOD DAY, INSPECTOR!
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE WHO'LL LEAVE HIS FOOTPRINTS ON YOUR SOUL.
DONG
DONG
DONG
THE BELLS!
MIDNIGHT-- WHEN MY FATHER DIED HERE, UNDER THE WHEELS OF A CARRIAGE, UNDER THE SOUND OF THE MADDENING BELLS--!

HE'S THE ONE POSSESSED OF INEFFABLE SUFFERING AND RECIPROCAL BLOOD-LUST.
THE BELLS! WHY SHOULD ANYONE LIVE AFTER DADDY HAS DIED?
DONG DONG DONG
HE'S THE ONE WHO DARTS FROM THE NIGHT IN A SWIRL OF GLEAMING CONFUSION...
DONG DONG
WHO--?
AAAAIEEEK!!!
DONG
CHUK
CHOOK
THUK!
...AND HE'S THE ONE WHO MELTS QUICKLY INTO FOG-SHROUDED GLOOM...
I WAS HERE BEFORE THE LAST BELL PEAL HAD DIED-- AND STILL THERE WAS NO TRACE OF HIM!
BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, INSPECTOR, HOW DO YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO ARRIVE ON THE MURDER SCENE SO QUICKLY?
IF YOU'RE HARBORING ANY SUSPICIONS FOR MY PUNTUALITY, OUT WITH THEM OFFICER WYMAN!
OH NO, SIR. I WAS JUST WONDERIN'... PAPERS HAVE BEEN HINTIN' THAT OUR SLASHER MIGHT BE OLD JACK COME BACK FOR A SECOND HELPING...
NO, OUR MURDEROUS MISCREANT IS DECIDEDLY MORE BRUTAL THAN JACK EVER WAS--THERE'S NO KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY IN EVIDENCE HERE, AND THE SLASHER DOESN'T USE A SCALPEL-- HE SETTLES FOR A COMMON KITCHEN KNIFE!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, INSPECTOR, JACK WAS RATHER CHOOSY ABOUT HIS VICTIMS--THE SLASHER DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE WHO HE DOES IN--AS LONG AS IT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT!

TONIGHT I'LL STOP THE SLASHER MYSELF, I WILL! THESE OUTRAGEOUS MURDERS JUST CAN'T GO ON!
MUSTN'T ALLOW THIS MURDERER TO STRIKE AGAIN SO, TONIGHT I WILL END THE SLASHER'S BLOODY CAREER...
YOU...!
YOU...!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE SLASHER TOO, MISSUS SHRIMPTON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT AT THIS TIME? IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT--
I'M TAKIN' IT UPON MYSELF TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SLASHER!
YOU WERE SERIOUS THEN...? WELL STICK CLOSE TO ME. I'M GOING UP TO THE BELL TOWER. MAYBE THE BELL-RINGER SAW SOMETHING ON THE STREET LAST NIGHT...

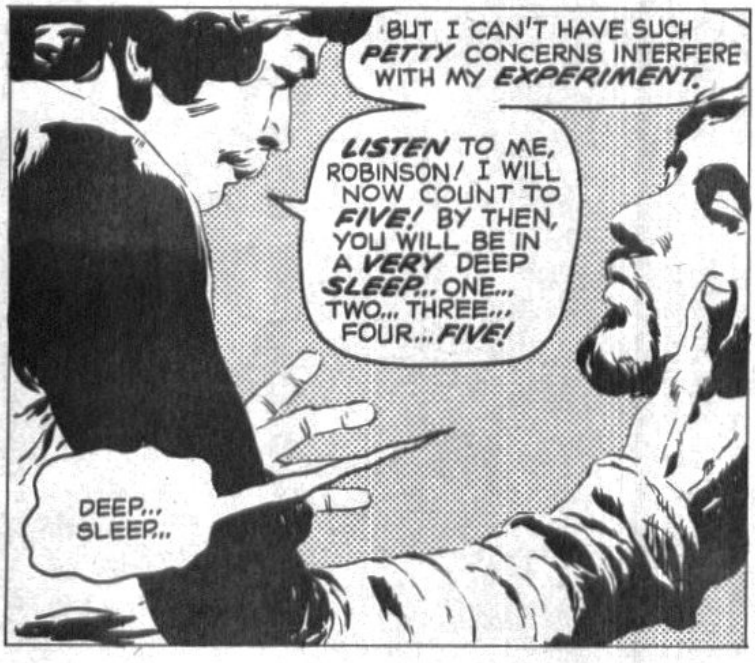
IT'S SO DARK...
AND NEARLY MIDNIGHT...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TH-THAT...?
THE BELLS... BEGINNING TO PEAL...
HAVE YOU EVER MET THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE YOU'D LEAST EXPECT...
...AND THE SLASHER MUST STRIKE!
Y-YOU'RE THE SLASHER--?! GOOD LORD, NO!
DONG
DONG
DONG
THE BELLS-- THE BELLS THAT KILLED DADDY--! MUST STOP THE BELLS!
DONG DONG
DONG
DONG
I'LL MAKE YOU STOP RINGING THOSE BELLS.
DONG
DONG
DONG!!
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? SHE'S THE ONE WHO FINALLY ACHIEVED RETRIBUTION ON ...THE BELLS--AND RECEIVED THE SAME IN KIND...
THE End

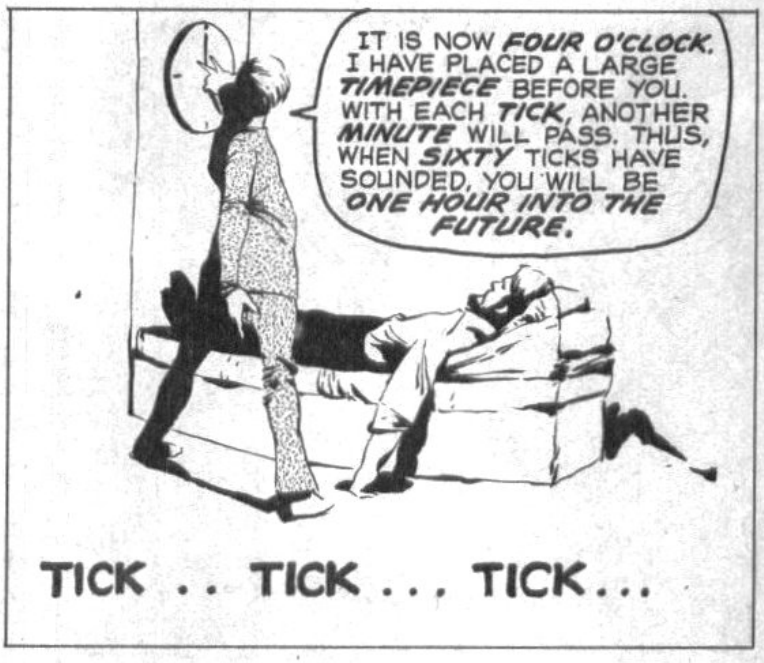

THIS IS 1981. HIGH ABOVE PLANET EARTH WHIRLS THE UNIQUE ORBITING LABORATORY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS DOCTOR ZIM. WITHIN, A MOST DARING EXPERIMENT. ITS OBJECT: TO LEARN WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH! IT BEGINS, NOW, WITH THE SOLITARY COMMAND...
SLEEP
THE DEEP, HYPNOTIC VOICE OF DR. ZIM CONTINUES...
DO NOT BE NERVOUS. RELAX. PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL I SAY...
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR ME AND TO TALK TO ME AFTER YOU GO TO SLEEP...

Script by: STEVE STERN Art by: JEFF JONES

TAKE A FEW DEEP BREATHS. RELAX YOUR ARMS AND LEGS...
LOOK AT THE SHINY METAL DISC I AM HOLDING... WATCH IT SWING... SWING! SWING! DO NOT TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT...
FEEL YOUR EYES GETTING VERY HEAVY AND TIRED. YOU ARE BECOMING VERY SLEEPY. SOON YOU WILL BE ASLEEP...
VERY... TIRED...
YOU ARE NOW SOUND ASLEEP!
PERFECT! HE IS UNDER MY HYPNOTIC SPELL!
TOO BAD, IS IT NOT, ASSISTANT ROBINSON-- THAT YOU MET WITH THAT LITTLE ÷AHEM÷ ACCIDENT WHILE REPAIRING THE ROCKET-MOTORS...
...BUT WHAT GREAT GOOD LUCK IT WAS FOR ME! FOR NOW I HAVE A SUBJECT WITH BUT MOMENTS OF LIFE REMAINING--
AND I AM ABOUT TO BECOME THE FIRST LIVING MAN TO LEARN WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH!!

SUDDENLY-- ALMOST FITTINGLY-- THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POWERFUL JAR TO THE SPACELAB.
BAAM
THOSE DAMN OBSOLETE SATELLITES--! THE SPACE AGENCY HAS GOT TO CLEAN THESE POLLUTED SKIES!


BUT I CAN'T HAVE SUCH PETTY CONCERNS INTERFERE WITH MY EXPERIMENT.
LISTEN TO ME, ROBINSON! I WILL NOW COUNT TO FIVE! BY THEN, YOU WILL BE IN A VERY DEEP SLEEP... ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE!
DEEP... SLEEP...


IT IS NOW FOUR O'CLOCK. I HAVE PLACED A LARGE TIMEPIECE BEFORE YOU. WITH EACH TICK, ANOTHER MINUTE WILL PASS. THUS, WHEN SIXTY TICKS HAVE SOUNDED, YOU WILL BE ONE HOUR INTO THE FUTURE.
TICK .. TICK ... TICK...

AND, PRECISELY SIXTY SECONDS LATER...
WHAT TIME IS IT?
F-FIVE... FIVE O'CLOCK.

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! IN HIS CONDITION, HE'D UNDOUBTEDLY BE DEAD BY FIVE O'CLOCK! -- I'M TALKING TO A DEAD MAN!! NOW ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS: WHERE IS HE? IN HEAVEN? HELL?? A LIMBO-LAND??

SO IT WAS THAT DR. ZIM'S VOICE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE ASKED:
WHERE ARE YOU?
I-- AM DYING... DYING...

WHAT DO YOU FEEL?!
IT'S-- HOT. VERY HOT. I-- I'M SUFFOCATING IN THE HEAT. IT'S LIKE, IT'S LIKE--
IT ISN'T LIKE IT, FOOL--

-- IT IS IT! A HELL! THERE IS A HELL!!

I'M SO STUNNED BY HIS ACCOUNT -- EVEN I'M WARM -- I MUST HAVE ALL OF THIS ON TAPE.

FOR AN HOUR, DR. ZIM RECORDED EVERY AGONY OF HIS ILL-FATED ASSISTANT... THEN HE ADJUSTED THE SPACE-LAB'S AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT...
HA! IT'S GETTING AS HOT IN HERE-- AS HELL HA HA!!

I'LL JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO REL-- WHA?!? THE-THE SUN!

IN ONE HORRIBLE SECOND, DR. ZIM UNDERSTOOD HIS FATE...
THE COLLISION! IT THREW US OUT OF OUR ORBIT! WE'VE BEEN DRIFTING INTO THE SUN!
IT'S-- HOT. VERY HOT. I-- I'M SUFFOCATING IN THIS HEAT. IT'S LIKE, IT'S LIKE...
THE END

PSYCHO DELIVERY

I must say that I am pleasantly surprised to see "Out of Chaos" in **PSYCHO**. I have been reading horror comics for six years now; over the years I have noticed the plots in most stories becoming more and more trite. Usually I'd look at the first page of a yarn and say to myself, "yeah, it's another one of those stories and it probably ends the same way as all the others." So what's so good about "Out of Chaos?" Quite a few things.

First of all, it is the first time that Satan (my favorite hero) has been used to his fullest potential in any comic magazine. Usually, stories concerning Him are rehashes of the soul swapping schtick. The power and magnitude of this story is as great as that of its source, Milton's *Paradise Lost.* Author Marv Wolfman showed keen understanding of that masterpiece, not only in his knowing the names of the lesser Fallen Angels (any of them personal acquaintances, Marv?) but in his portrayal of Satan. The author also showed great imagination in coming up with the Procreators of the Universe. A most interesting group. I also like the idea of flawing Satan's powers. I, as Satan, cannot stand omnipotent beings. "Better to reign in Hell than to serve in Heaven."

As for the other stories, they were all fair to middling.

John Cost
San Carlos, Calif.

Taken as a whole, **PSYCHO** #4 was one notch above most other magazines of its type on the stands. Bruce Jones proved again that he is both an excellent artist and author. Sean Todd is also very good and will surely improve with age. His dialogue is overly melodramatic in places, but the detail of his artwork more than made up for this scriptural flaw. Fujitake's story was pretty good, although I've seen better work from Dennis. David Cook and Serg Moren were above average.

As for the Heap, that character suffers from weak plot and poor storytelling. The over - used man - turns - monster - seeks - help - of - scientist - friend - with - lovely - daughter, etc. was okay for a chuckle but that "House of Frankenstein" ending was a bit much.

"Out of Chaos" was in direct contrast to the Heap. Here we are presented with a fairly original idea, a good solid plotline, and interesting characterization. That Rich Buckler art was worth the price of the magazine! Further plaudits will have to wait until I read the conclusion.

Rod Fraser
No Address Given

Rod, John, most of our readers *like* the Heap! And though Jim Roberts will soon face a frightening new challenge in his career as the Heap, it must be remembered (regarding art and plot) that our semi-human friend has appeared in a mere four issues of PSYCHO. We feel that the Heap, a product of man's haphazard technology, is an exciting means of looking *objectively* at humanity. For he, in his day to day existence, can find very little beneficence in the minds and hearts of men. This is the characterization we hope more succinctly to present; all we need is time. Thanks for your comments.

PSYCHO #4 was a pretty good issue. Kelly's cover was well done, but "Comes the Stalking Monster" just didn't seem like a lead story. "The Innsmouth Apparition" was interesting; I'd have liked to read more on it. The new Heap story was superb! Amazing how Andru has progressed from artist to writer/artist. Esposito's work is always good when he and Andru are teamed up. "Out of Chaos" was very good, but don't overdo the number of continued stories per issue. "Museum Piece" was interesting. "Comes the Stalking Monster" was okay.

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" was a good feature. I hope your upcoming articles contain more text. (How did you like the text of this issue's behind the scenes article, Dave? Ed.)

And now to the year's worst continuing terror series—Sean Todd's "Frankenstein." Funny that your letter page has only praise for this atrocity. Mary Shelley is probably turning in her grave. The only consistant thing about this strip is its inconsistency to the book, the movies, and even the previous chapter. The monster is not strong enough to throw off the rubble of Castle Frankenstein: he was never that powerful in the book or movie. Todd must've been watching "The Munsters" again. Egor, who was a bad character to begin with, has undergone a complete change in appearance and speech: now he resembles a shaved gopher. Drop this series before it kills you.

Turning to the letters page, there are a few disappointments. Readers want a narrator for your stories. No!! These tongue-in-cheek characters kill the atmosphere. And people are screaming for more vampires and werewolves: can your writers approach these with a fresh outlook, or will we be treated to the same old hackneyed plots? Well? Until tomorrow midnight.

Dave Billman
Norton, Ohio

As for Werewolves and Vampires, yes, our writers are working on new approaches to the demons. But as for "hackneyed" plots, it's not *always* the plot that makes or breaks a story. More often than not, how a story is *told* and *illustrated* causes that particular tale to succeed or fail. *Frankenstein* (Mary Shelley's novel) has not, necessarily, one of the most original *plots.* Even in 1818 (Frankenstein's publication) there had been precedent for this type of horror tale. No, what makes Frankenstein a masterpiece is its telling . . . something that leads to the other point of your letter, Sean Todd's Frankenstein. Our interpretation, a product of both the film and novel Frankenstein, was not meant to be compared with the Shelley masterpiece. The novel was subtle, for it had the time and space in which it could afford to tread lightly, subtly, taking its time. We, in a six or ten page story, must make our point(s) direct or they will be lost. Further, the comic book Frankenstein must appeal to a wide majority of young readers: thus the need for Egor, lightning, spectacle, etc. So subtlety, while a creatively rewarding means of communication, is, in this case, an inappropriate means of storytelling.
(Incidentally, check the text in this issues Behind the Scenes Photo-Special.)

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" (**PSYCHO** #4) was great! Have you any more film articles in the works?

Ben H. Taylor
Hartford, Connecticut

Ben, and the rest of you cine-monster fans, feast your eyes on the Rovin/Asherman "7th Voyage of Sinbad" feature in this issue. And there's more to come, so stick with us!

Needless to say, you have captured the heart of the film fan. Your feature "Behind the Planet of the Apes" in **PSYCHO** #4 was superb! It showed me a glimpse of filmdon I'd never before seen. Please keep these behind the scenes features coming!

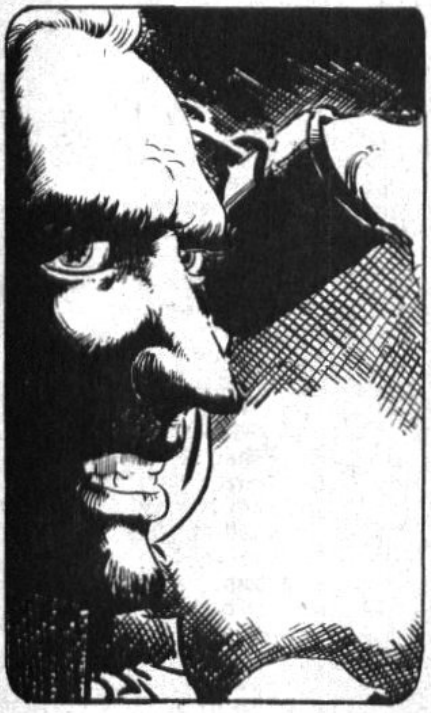
The magazine as a whole is more interesting and mature than those of your competitors. I especially like the Heap. I remember seeing a monster like the Heap in a film once, but the movie's monster appeared for a mere ten minutes at the picture's conclu-

sion. Thus, sympathy for the film monster was not built up as it is for your Heap. After I read the story I felt as if I knew what it would be like to be a hideous monster. All other stories were good, especially Fujitake's "Escape." That was some tale.

Skywald's efforts are entertaining and sincere, so consider me hooked for life.

Bill Pugmire
Seattle, Washington

Thanks Bill, you're considered.



I have just finished reading **PSYCHO** #4 and I loved it! The artwork was fantastic. The stories, especially "Out of Chaos," "The Heap," and "Plague of Jewels" were just too much. The front cover was great. Ken Kelly should get an award for this picture.

I have already sent for the back issues and I advise all other **PSYCHO**-fans to do likewise. As long as people find the time to read, they will be buying **PSYCHO**.

John Herstetter
Liverpool, Pa.

Fans take note: there is a back issue page elsewhere in this magazine.

Wow! I just read Issue #4 of **PSYCHO.** I used to thumb through other magazines, but **PSYCHO** is the only one that puts me on the edge of my seat. The Heap and Frankenstein: all I can say is keep them coming.

I have recently come across a comic book with the title "The Heap" from Skywald comics. The color comic starts the same as did the Heap serial in **PSYCHO**, but the monster looks different.

Is there any relation between this Heap and the **PSYCHO** Heap?? Long live the Heap!

Sam Fields
Media, Pa.

Sam, any way you look at it, a "Heap's" a "Heap."

THE

PSYCHO-ANALYST

By JEFFREY ROVIN

Those of you familiar with Skywald Magazines know it our policy to present ideas that are novel, art that's alive, and a format always fresh and entertaining. Now, in order to better maintain this high standard of quality, editor Sol Brodsky has created THE PSYCHO-ANALYST, a department seeking to involve you, the reader, with our magazines in a fashion unique to the field of illustrated fiction.

Essentially, this page is a means for Psycho fans to ask questions of the artists and writers who work for our publications. Want to know from where Skywald authors get their ideas? Or perhaps you wish to learn just what your favorite artist thinks of his own work? Well then, faithful reader, all you need do is send your query to PSYCHO-ANALYST, 18 E. 41 St. Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017 from where I, your anxious servant, will find it an answer. It's as simple as that!

Instead of interviewing an artist or writer for this issue's Psycho-Analyst, I would like to answer a letter sent by one of our readers. This missive states in part:

> *"I think there should be more sex in your magazine. See if you can get some of the underground artists to do a story or two for you. Leave the eunuch comics to Walt Disney."*

All right. First of all, here in New York it is easy to get a fair sampling of most of the so-called "underground comics." With very few exceptions, they are trash. Billed as reading matter for adults only, underground comics, behind a facade of "telling it like it is," are nothing more than pornography. And trust, readers. We at Skywald are not trying to ignore the fact that this is a permissive society. We do not deny that any longer is it taboo to discuss sex in communication media. We merely argue sanity. One panel of sex may be important to a story. Indeed, some yarns (as the lead story in PSYCHO #5) cannot be told without sex. To portray sex in obnoxiously explicit "artwork" nauseating rather than entertaining the reader; not only does this mock subtle emotions for which sex is intended, it turns your comic book into a showcase for pornography.

Particularly annoying is the fact that underground comics don't admit to being pure smut. One can't even respect them for any degree of honesty.

Yet, what really bothers me about our letter writer is not the fact that he likes underground comics. There are, after all, people with no conception of what constitutes decency. What disturbs me is that this person equates all that is sterile with the produce of Mr. Walt Disney, a widely admired and beloved film artist. Is the fact that Disney's "Sleeping Beauty" contains no on screen sex a reason to knock that graceful and stunning motion picture? No. It was not necessary to present sex in the film. It's simple as that. Face it, underground writer. Most people like their sex not on the screen, not on the stage, not in magazines, but between each other. A private affair. But of course, where there are the tasteful and delicate "Love Storys," there are bound to be the crass and uneducated skinflicks. You, underground comics, are the latter. Or the gutter. Take your pick.

In case you missed it, NIGHTMARE #5 had an interview with artist Jeff Jones who discussed his work and told thoughts on comics and fantasy. Next issue the Psycho-Analyst will interview an interesting personality in the horror field . . . so be with us when we put him on the firing line in PSYCHO No. 7.

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THE HEAP
IN
DARK VICTORY!
THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT GOES: "BE SURE YOU REALLY WANT WHAT YOU FERVENTLY DESIRE... BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY LIKELY TO GET IT!"
MY HANDS... WHAT IS HAPPENING TO MY HANDS?
LOOK!! HE IS CHANGING!

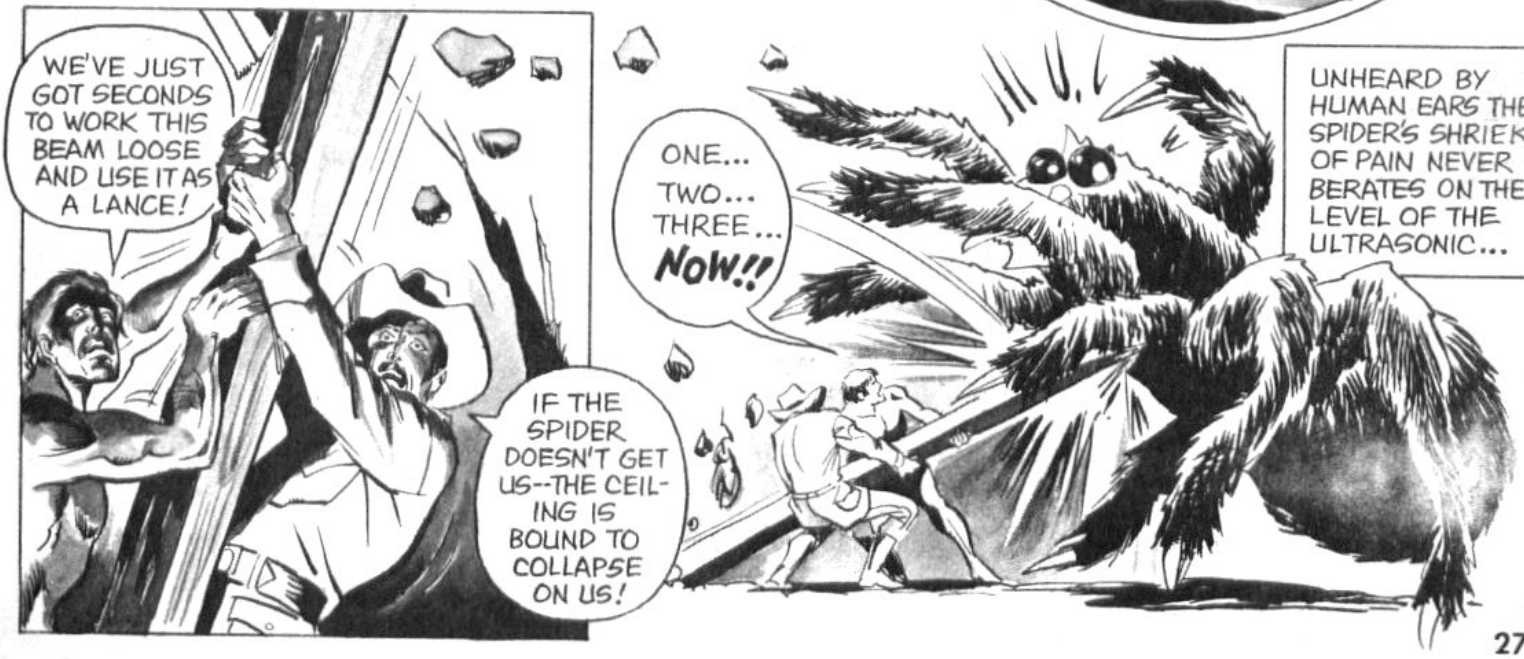
Script and Pencils by: ROSS ANDRU Inked by: PABLO MARCOS

AIEEE!
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
DESTROY!! DESTROY!!
IT WAS HAPPENING! WHAT THE HEAP HAD FEVERISHLY DREAMT AND YEARNED FOR WAS COMING TO PASS, THE THING THAT WAS ONCE JIM ROBERTS WAS TURNING HUMAN AGAIN. BUT WHY NOW? WHY HERE IN THIS ABANDONED MINE SHAFT CONFRONTED BY THINGS THAT ONCE WERE MEN? ROUSTABOUTS...THIEVES...MURDERERS...BUT HUMAN ONCE...AND NOW CHANGING INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT, BY THE WATER THEY DRINK FROM THE POOL IN THE EERIE PHOSPHORESCENT CAVERNS BELOW. FACED BY CREATURES BENT UPON HIS DESTRUCTION AND THE TWO CONFUSED LAWMEN HE IMPULSIVELY CHOSE TO PROTECT. THIS WAS THE MOMENT TO MUSTER ALL THE STRENGTH THE HEAP POSSESSED... BUT HE WAS CHANGING...
PROF. ELLIOT'S ANTIDOTE IS WORKING! MY HANDS ARE TURNING NORMAL!
IF I BECOME HUMAN THEY WON'T FEAR ME--AND THEY'LL ATTACK!

AND JIM ROBERTS WILL TASTE HUMANITY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO BE TORN APART BY THAT PACK OF ANGRY MUTANTS!
HE HESITATES...HE IS BACKING UP!! HE IS AFRAID OF US!
NOW IS THE TIME TO ATTACK...WHILE HE IS CONFUSED!
THWUNK
MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST... I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM!!
GO— McKLUSKY! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!
THIS MAY BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!! LET'S MAKE IT GOOD!!
AAGH!
McKLUSKY--IN FRONT OF YOU... THAT WEB!! LOOK OUT!!
THEY'RE GAINING ON-- HUH?!
SHERIFF-- QUICK...GET ME OUT OF HERE...
IT'S COMING FOR ME...DO SOMETHING ...SHERIFF!!

DONALDSON-- HELP M... YAAAAA--
GOD-NO!! IT'S EATING HIM ALIVE!!
THAT SPIDER'S GROWTH MUST HAVE BEEN ALTERED IN SOME WAY BY LIVING IN THE CAVERNS

AND IN THE MIDST OF THE HORRENDOUS DEBACLE THE CHANGE FROM HEAP TO JIM ROBERTS COMES FASTER, EVER FASTER WITH EACH SUCCEEDING MOMENT...


WE'VE JUST GOT SECONDS TO WORK THIS BEAM LOOSE AND USE IT AS A LANCE!
IF THE SPIDER DOESN'T GET US--THE CEILING IS BOUND TO COLLAPSE ON US!
ONE... TWO... THREE... NOW!!
UNHEARD BY HUMAN EARS THE SPIDER'S SHRIEK OF PAIN NEVER BERATES ON THE LEVEL OF THE ULTRASONIC...

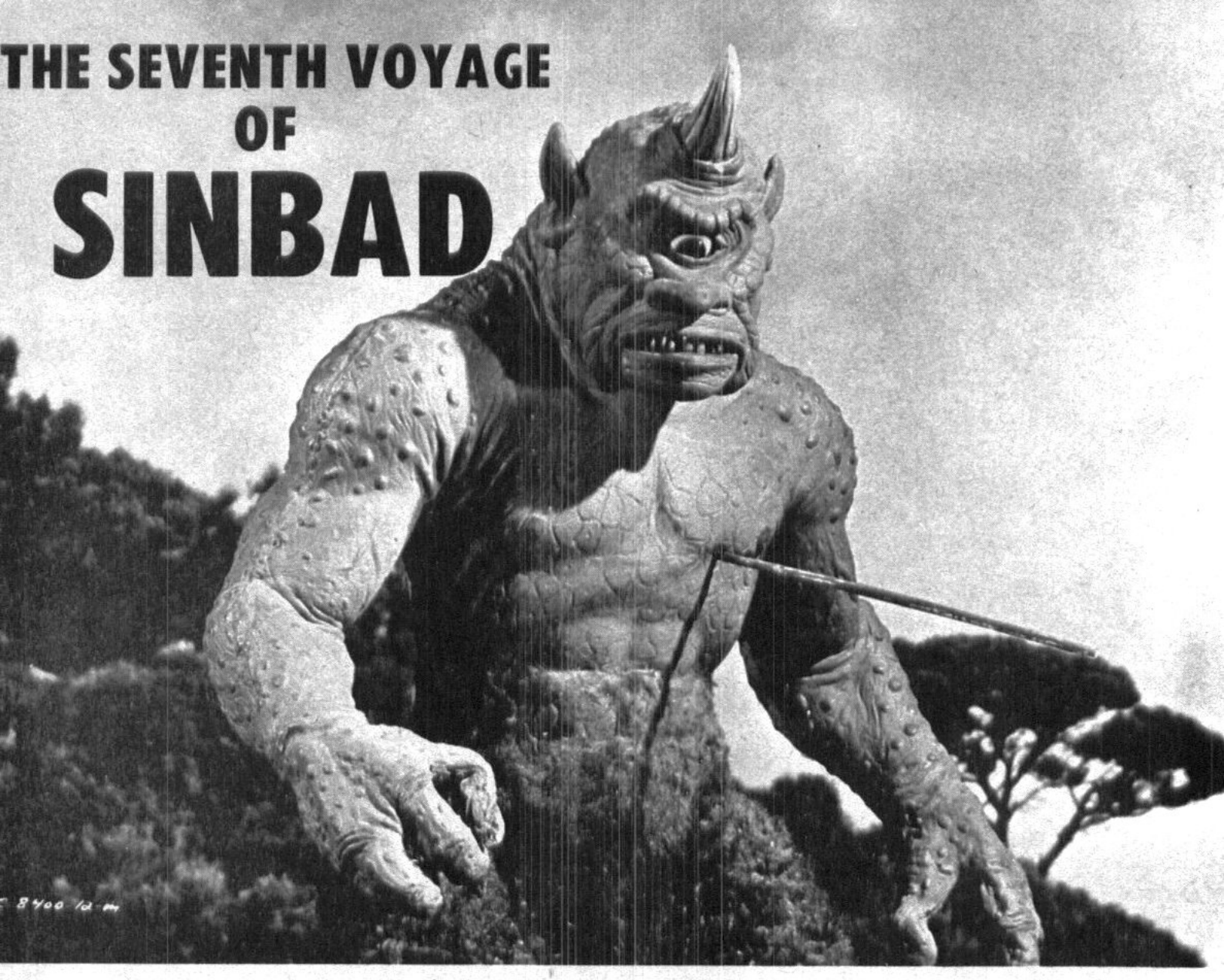
...QUIVERING IN ITS DEATH THROES, THE IMPALED HULK OF THE MONSTROUS SPIDER THRASHES MADLY ABOUT DISLODGING THE ALREADY UNSTABLE CEILING...
RRRRUMBLE
TINY WHISPERS OF CRACKS WIDEN INTO GASHES AND SUDDENLY A TORRENT OF ROCKS AND RUBBLE TUMBLE DOWN UPON THE NIGHTMARISH SCENE BELOW...
I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DIE ANYWHERE REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU MAY THINK--I'M NO MURDERER!
IT GIVES THE CREEPS TO PUT ON POOR McKLUSKY'S PANTS--BUT I CAN'T GO RUNNING AROUND IN JUST MY SKIN!!
SILENCE REIGNS...THE ONLY AUDIBLE SOUND TO BE HEARD IS THE OCCASIONAL MOAN THAT ESCAPES THE LIPS OF SHERIFF DONALDSON...AND THEN...
I DON'T KNOW IF ALL OF THOSE CAVERN DWELLERS WERE KILLED OR NOT--BUT THIS PASSAGEWAY HAS BEEN SEALED...AT THIS END ANYWAY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME HERE? I...I CAN'T SEE...AT LEAST FOR NOW! I'D NEVER FIND MY WAY OUT. THE KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR SECRET WOULD DIE HERE WITH ME!
NO--NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME--STAY...
EASY, SHERIFF! IT'S ONLY ME...THE MAN WHO HELPED YOU KILL THE SPIDER! I ONLY WANT TO HELP! YOUR HEAD IS BLEEDING!
I'LL NEED A PIECE OF YOUR SHIRT!

I CAN FEEL A FAINT MOVEMENT OF AIR COMING FROM SOMEWHERE AHEAD OF US...
C'MON!
IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS DAMN MAZE AND MAKE IT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD...I'M GOING TO TELL THEM ALL THAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU AND THE MURDERS YOU COMMITTED AS THE HEAP!
DON'T THINK YOU'RE GETTING ON THE GOOD SIDE OF ME BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW--MY FIRST DUTY IS TO JUSTICE AND THE LAW!
WE MADE IT, SHERIFF! AND RIGHT BELOW US IS A ROADWAY!
WE'LL GET ON IT AND KEEP WALKING UNTIL A CAR COMES ALONG!
IN A FEW MINUTES WE'RE PARTING COMPANY AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN!
HEADLIGHTS! GET READY, SHERIFF!
I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, DO YOU HEAR ME? I'LL GET MY SIGHT BACK AND I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN! I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE! THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN HIDE!! I'LL FIND YOU!!
EASY, SHERIFF--THERE'S NO ONE HERE! C'MON BACK TO TOWN--YOUR HEAD NEEDS ATTENDING TO!
NOW TO GET BACK TO PROF. ELLIOT...

THE LIGHT IN MONTY ELLIOT'S STUDY IS ON! GOOD! LESS LIKELY TO DISTURB LAURIE IN CASE SHE'S ASLEEP!
TAP TAP TAP
?!!? CAN I BE IMAGINING THINGS?? IS IT--
JIM!! IT'S YOU!! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! SO THE FORMULA I INNOCULATED YOU WITH FINALLY TOOK EFFECT!
HOLD ON, DOC! THAT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! THERE'S TOO MUCH TO TELL!
WHAT I NEED IS A GOOD HOT SHOWER AND SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST...
I'M STARVING!
AND I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THIS MIRACLE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET EVERY DETAIL DOWN ON TAPE BEFORE YOU FORGET ANYTHING!
...BUT THE MOST FRIGHTENING ASPECTS OF THE WHOLE EPISODE ARE THE POOR DEVILS WHO WERE LIVING IN THE CAVERNS AND THE WATER THAT WAS CHANGING THEM INTO GOT KNOWS WHAT!
THEN--MY THEORY ABOUT THOSE ARMY CANNISTERS CONTAINING BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS BURIED IN BEDROCK, SPRINGING LEAKS, FILTERING THROUGH FLAWS IN THE ROCK AND CONTAMINATING UNDERGROUND WELLS AND SPRINGS IS NOT JUST A HALF-BAKED THEORY BUT A MIND-BENDING ACTUALITY!
AN HOUR AND ONE LONG SHOWER LATER...
--FAR FROM DEAD, LAURIE!
HE'LL FILL YOU IN...
I'VE GOT TO RUN... BE BACK LATER!
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT, DAD?! I COULDN'T HELP HEARING THE VOIC--
JIM!! JIM ROBERTS!! BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE--
HE'S THERE, ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING RIGHT DOWN AND GET HIS CONFIRMATION OF THE STORY!
GOT TO GET THINGS MOVING RIGHT AWAY! THIS SITUATION IS TOO DANGEROUS TO WASTE A SINGLE MOMENT!
KLUNK
FROM WHAT YOU SAY--THOSE PEOPLE THAT PICKED UP SHERIFF DONALDSON MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIM TO THE HOSPITAL BY NOW!
WE'LL NEED HIS CORROBORATION FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO BELIEVE A FAR-OUT STORY LIKE THIS!

OH, JIM...YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MUCH I... UH--WE MISSED YOU! HOW COULD YOU HAVE SURVIVED THAT PLANE CRASH AND THE EXPLOSION OF THE CHEMICAL TANKS THAT FOLLOWED?!
WELL, I--DIDN'T... I MEAN...I WAS... I...LOOK! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER!...
YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT, LAURIE... EVEN BETTER THAN I REMEMBERED!
...IN FACT...I NEVER REALIZED HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU REALLY ARE!
JIM ROBERTS HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS TO WANT A WOMAN...NOW HE WAS POSSESSED BY A FIRE AND PASSION HE NEVER KNEW HE POSSESSED...
JIM...DARLING... I ALWAYS DREAMT IT WOULD BE THIS GOOD! (SIGH!)...
?!-SNIFF-WHAT'S THAT STRANGE DANK ODOR...-SNIFF-!?
??!!!...THAT WET MUCKY SUBSTANCE... SOAKING THROUGH... HIS ROBE...?!
JIM...WHAT'S HAPPENING? OH, MY GOD!.. EEEEEE!
URK?! OOORK!!
HORROR STRICKEN BY THE LOOK IN LAURIE'S EYES THE HEAP'S SOLE THOUGHT IS TO FLEE FROM SIGHT AS SHE SINKS TO THE FLOOR IN NERVE-NUMBED SHOCK...
OUT...GOT TO GET OUT!
WHY ME?! WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME?
CRASH
JIM ROBERTS...HUMAN FOR A FEW BLISSFUL MOMENTS IN TIME...ONLY TO BE WRENCHED BACK INTO THAT NIGHTMARISH PRISON OF FLESH CALLED THE HEAP!! VENTING HIS RAGE ON THE MUTE AND SILENT FOREST ABOUT HIM! WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR HIM IN ANOTHER TOMORROW. WHERE IS LOVE... WHERE IS PEACE TO BE FOUND??

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD



Text by:
Jeff Rovin

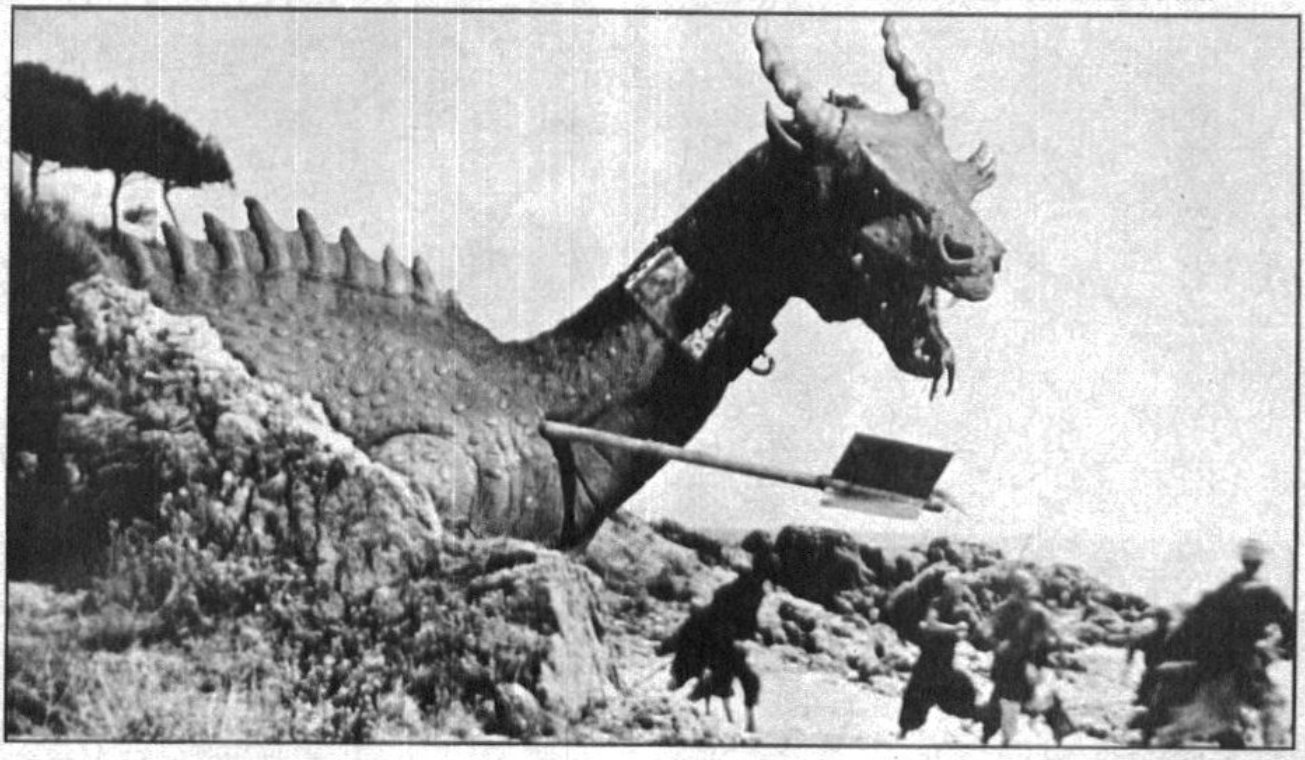
Photos by
Allan Asherman

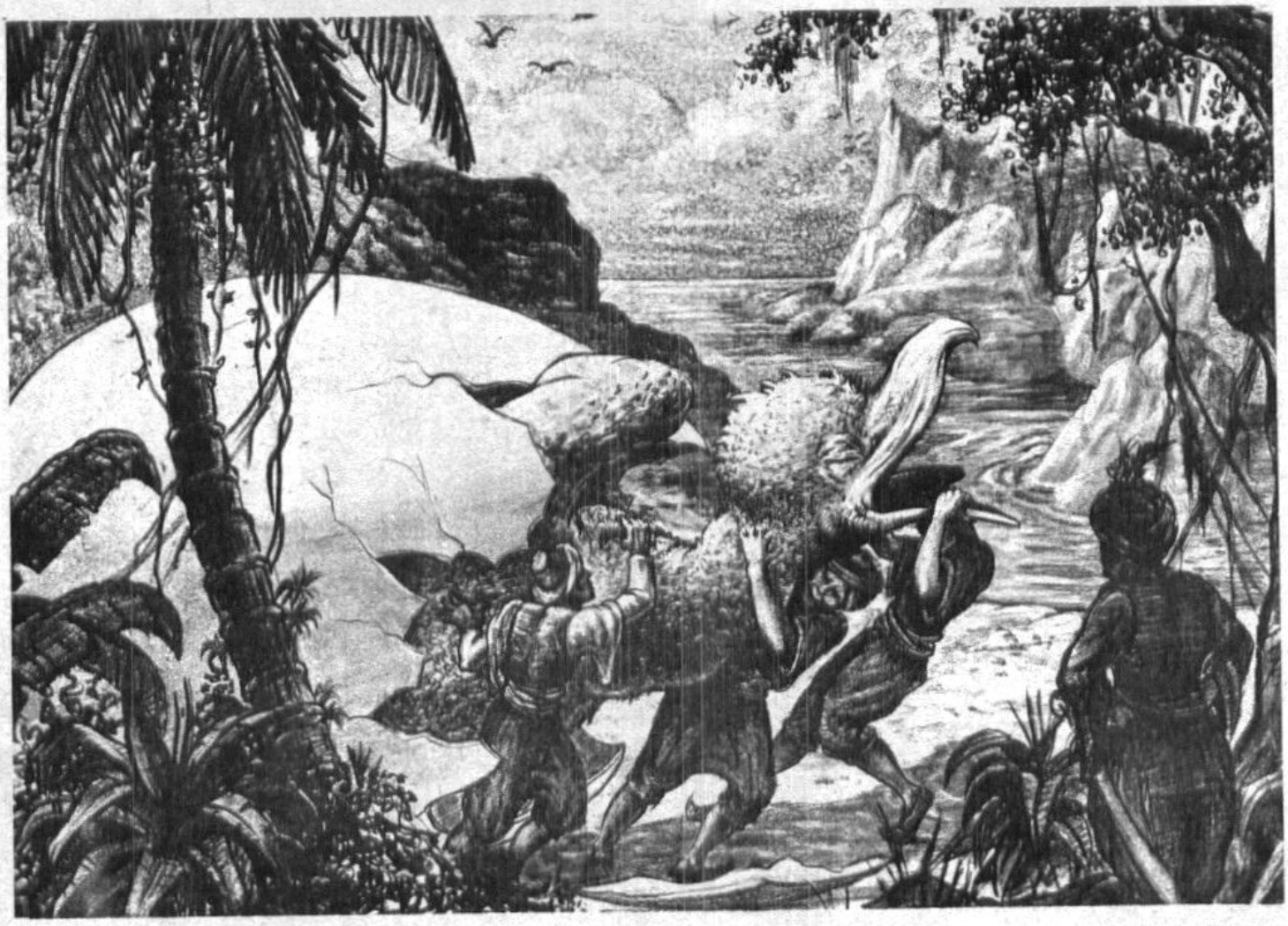
Ray Harryhausen: creator of special effects. In the realm of visual acrobatics, there is none better.

Ray fashions monsters for fantasy and science fiction films. He brings them to life through a process known as animation. What appear to be giant beasts *on screen* are, in reality, models no more than *two feet tall.* Built with ball and socket skeletons, these figures are moveable and hold any position into which they are placed. Ray photographs these stop motion creatures one frame of film at a time (a frame being each individual picture on a strip of film), moving the jointed models a fraction of an inch between frames. When these separately photographed images are projected on a screen one after another, the filmed figurines appear alive. This is the principle upon which all movies work: Mr. Harryhausen uses the idea to bring amazing creatures of fantasy to life before our startled eyes. And to be sure, this reviewer has oft sat in awe of this man's skill. A well done Harryhausen special effects sequence is to film, what a Roman Gabriel touchdown bomb is to football; both must be seen to be believed.

One of filmdon's finest moments:
Sinbad vs Sokurah's skeletal demon.

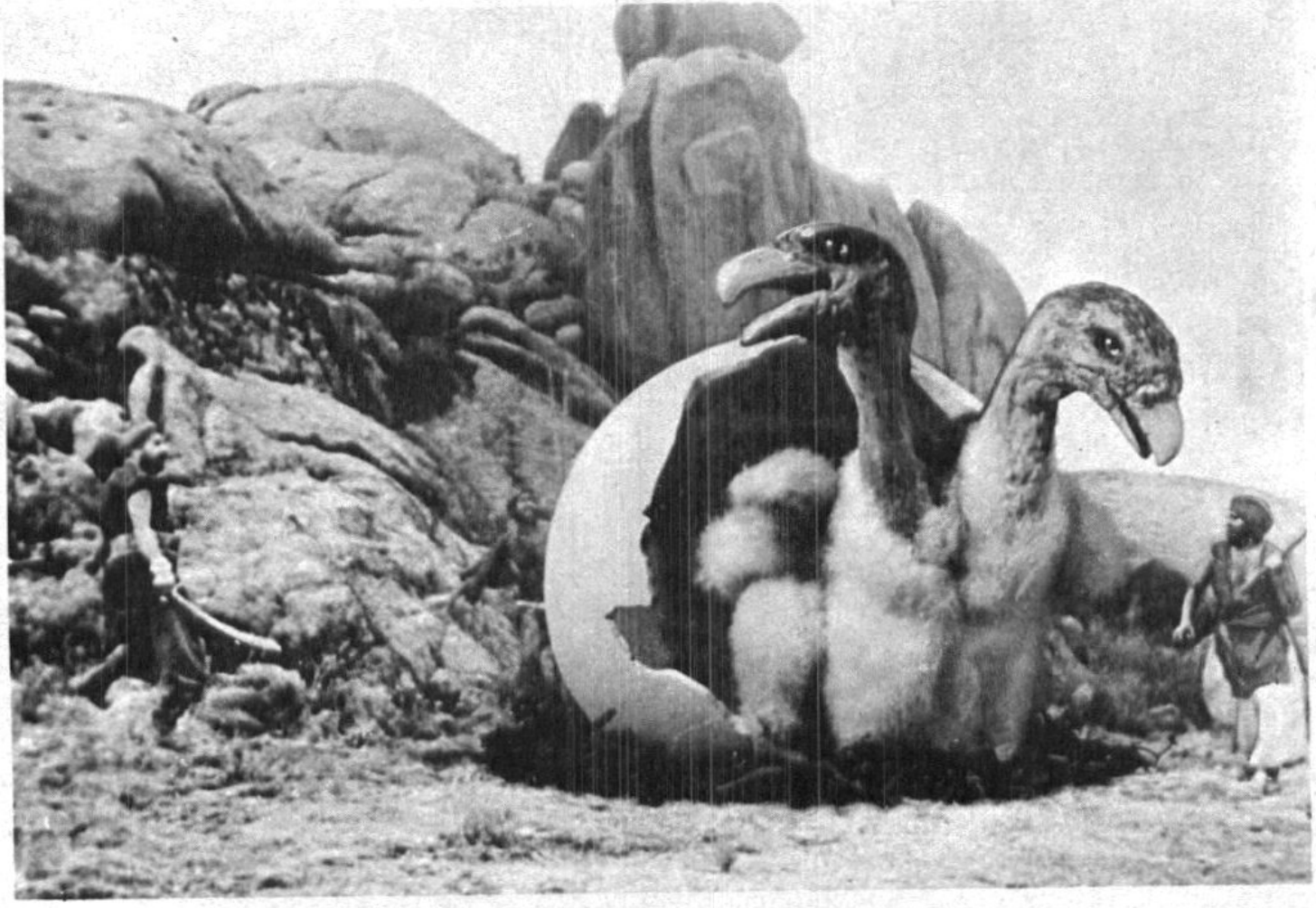
"Get the point, Dragon?" A giant arrow ends the loathsome lizard's life.





Ray Harryhausen's sketch captures Sinbad's killing of the baby Roc.

The baby Roc on screen.



Wrath of the Roc: Sinbad's men pay with their lives for having eaten the monster's egg.

On these pages are scenes from Harryhausen's first animated film in color, "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad." This film, with some of the most astounding special effects in cinema history, pits an Arabian knight against Sokurah, an evil magician, two man-eating cyclopes, a fire-breathing dragon, an enormous bird called the roc, and a living human skeleton. Showcasing these creatures is a plot that, while not the caliber of a "Ben-Hur," serves substantial purpose: it insults no one's intelligence, provides a framework for Harryhausen's effects, and all the while keeps sight of its main character, Sinbad.

Kerwin Mathews—the swashbuckling sailor—is not as flashy a hero as Prince Charming in Walt Disney's "Sleeping Beauty." Yet, the cinema Sinbad succeeds; Mathews' portrayal is bold . . . heroic. He isn't very smart (our hero's brutal life style calls more for a strong sword arm than Einsteinian brains); his horrorshow sword does most of Sinbad's "talking." And Torin Thatcher's Sokurah, the fiery and cunning sorcerer's sorcerer, is a perfect foil for the "aw shucks" personality and sword swinging bravery of Bagdad's maritime Hercules. Simple fun and fantasy, an exciting unpretentious adventure film. This is the *reel* "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad."

But what of the *real* Sinbad and his seventh voyage? Did ever there exist a sailor that men called "Sinbad?"

Of course, my friends, Sinbad's seven voyages were fantasy. Myths. But Sinbad was *not*. He was as real to the Arabian people as is "All in the Family" to millions of contemporary Americans. And his story, inconsiderate of time and place, is very real for *all people.*

Ray Harryhausen's original pre-production sketch of the "7th Voyage of Sinbad" Dragon.

Sinbad (actor Kerwin Mathews) takes a stab at downing the awesome Cyclops.

Our hero had squandered a fortune left him by his parents. Down to his last few sequins, Sinbad joined a merchant ship: this to keep from starving. Many years Sinbad suffered the dangers of cyclopes, monster snakes, rocs and devils, and once more Sinbad came to own vast sums of money. But *this* fortune, earned in the face of monstrous danger, taught Sinbad to appreciate monetary gain: *this* fortune he had earned with his own two hands! And so, after seven bold and adventurous voyages, Sinbad abandoned the sea in order to teach others the valuable lessons of responsibility he had learned.

Guardian of Sokurah's cave, the magnificent fire-breathing Dragon.

This pensive side of Sinbad's character was ignored by Harryhausen's motion picture. Sinbad's adult introspection, one must suppose, was considered by the producers too deep a sense to be understood by young audiences. Nonetheless, "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" is one of the finest fantasy films ever made, and its appeal, when reduced to the lowest possible denominator, lies in the exotic world of Sinbad with its monsters and genies galore. And the credit for the success of this world goes to Ray Harryhausen.

Of a Sudden IS THY DEATH!
OF A SUDDEN IS THY DEATH... MARGO CASE, AND THE MEMORY OF 23 YEARS OF BREATH AND LIFE IS WIPED CLEAN! NOW... BEYOND SENSORY TIME, YOUR ETHEREAL FORM IS ADRIFT 'MIDST A SEA OF SOULS!
GUS ST. ANTHONY
THE KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH CUTS THROUGH HER SOUL WITH HORRID REALITY!
WHA... WHATS HAPPENING TO ME? OH, MY LORD !!!
ARE DEAD
OH! NOOOOOO
ARE DEAD
A MICROSECOND... AN ETERNITY... MARGO'S JOURNEY HAS ENDED AND... SOMETHING WAITS!
MARGO CASE!... COME! MARGO CASE... COME!
WHO IS IT.. WHO? OH!
THIS IS A HORRIBLE MISTAKE! I DON'T BELONG HERE! I HAVEN'T DIED!
PLEASE! SOMEONE HELP ME!

Script and Art by: GUS ST. ANTHONY

THERE ARE GUIDES... BEYOND THE PORTALS OF LIFE, GUIDES TO LEAD THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED TO THEIR ETERNAL STATIONS!
BUT I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF DYING!
A MENTAL BLOCK AGAINST THE TIME OF DEATH OFTEN ACCOMPANIES THE SHOCK OF LEAVING THE MORTAL BODY! YOU WILL REMEMBER... YOU BELONG, MARGO CASE.
MARGO CASE! YOUR DESTINY AWAITS... YOU WILL FOLLOW WHERE I LEAD!
COME CHILD, IT IS TIME!
OH! OH PLEASE! THIS IS WRONG!! I JUST KNOW IT!.. SOB.. I'M NOT DEAD!
PLEASE! YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME! THIS IS A MISTAKE! I DON'T BELONG HERE! I AM NOT ONE OF YOU! I BELONG AMONG THE LIVING!
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I DON'T BELONG HERE?
YOU ARE CORRECT... MARGO CASE... AS YOUR MEMORY CLEARS, YOU WILL BE RETURNED... TO THE TEMPORAL WORLD!!
AS YOUR MEMORY CLEARS, YOU WILL RECALL THAT INDEED YOU HAVE DIED! AT THE HANDS OF A RAVENOUS VAMPIRE!
YOU WILL REMBER— AND YOU WILL UNDER— STAND — THE VAMPIRE'S CURSE IS TRANSMITTED TO ITS VICTIM!
OH OH OH
EEEEE EEEEEEEE
THE END
YES, MARGO CASE... YOU DO BELONG AMONG THE LIVING!

PROLOGUE: LILITH, A BEAUTIFUL BLIND SEER OF THE PAST AND FUTURE IS TRAPPED IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS, TRAPPED AT A DEAD END FACING THE HIDEOUS MUTANT SQUID, LE SUUB... TRAPPED WITH HER ONLY ALLY, THE MONSTER, NAMED FOR HIS CREATOR...

FRANKENSTEIN!

I THANK THE GODS I AM SIGHTLESS!
THE HORROR THAT SLITHERS CLOSER WITH EACH PASSING SECOND IS TOO GREAT TO BEHOLD!
MY MENTAL POWERS ARE EXHAUSTED! WE HAVE NO DEFENSE AGAINST LE SUUB'S TELEPATHIC CONTROL!
I CAN HARDLY STAND... MUST DO SOMETHING BEFORE THAT FILTHY FIEND IMPRISON'S US IN THIS SEWER!
SPLOP..
SLOSH..
SPLASH
ATTACK! THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER IS HELPLESS! HIS STRENGTH IS NO MATCH FOR THE LORD OF DARKNESS!
THEY WILL SERVE THE GREATER GLORY OF LE SUUB!
YOU WILL NEVER ENLIST ME IN YOUR ARMY OF MIND SLAVES! DESTROY ME IF YOU CAN!

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Script and Art by: SEAN TODD

SUDDENLY THE WALL BEHIND OUR HARASSED HERO COLLAPSES INWARD...
STAY! WE DARE GO NO FURTHER. THERE IS A POWER WITHIN GREATER EVER THAN MINE.
K-KREEEE
WHA... FALLING! MUST PROTECT LILITH!
THERE PASSES A PERIOD OF TIMELESSNESS, A DREAM FRAGMENT... MEMORY OF A SWEET LONG AGO WHEN MONSTER WAS MAN. THEN A HISSING VOICE, LIKE THE WIND RUSTLING DRY REEDS...
AWAKEN! YOU SHALL RISE ABOVE YOUR ADVERSITY! YOUR GREAT STRENGTH WILL RETURN AND YOU WILL HAVE ME TO THANK FOR WHATEVER LIFE REMAINS TO YOU!
THANK YOU? I CURSE YOU!
YOU DESPAIR OF LIFE AS I ONCE DID. WE HAVE A COMMON BOND, YOU AND I. I AM ERIK... THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!
THE FACE BENEATH THIS MASK WOULD MAKE YOUR OWN APPEAR HANDSOME BY COMPARISON! HOW I BECAME WHAT I AM IS UNIMPORTANT NOW... WHAT IS VITAL IS YOUR TIMELY ARRIVAL!
SO! AGAIN WE ARE PRISONERS!
ONCE MY POWER RETURNS I'LL SNAP THESE BARS LIKE TWIGS
SERVING ONLY YOUR OWN BLIND LUST FOR REVENGE YOU HAVE YET TO DISCOVER THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SOUL!
BEAUTY? YOU MOCK ME! YOU DARE TO MOCK ME! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF LIVING A NIGHTMARE!
HIS VOICE IS SO STRANGE... SO TRAGIC! PLEASE HEAR HIM OUT!

NIGHTMARE?
IS THIS NIGHTMARE ENOUGH FOR YOU?
YET THIS IS NOTHING!
LOCKED BENEATH THIS SCARRED AND MUTILATED WRECK OF A BODY LIES A SOUL DEVOTED TO BEAUTY!
THE SAME SOUL THAT COMPOSED GREAT OPERAS... WHOSE MUSIC SOARED OUT OVER THE WORLD AND GLADENED THE HEARTS OF MILLIONS!
I AM AT WORK ON MY GREATEST OPERA, A WORK COSMIC IN SCOPE... THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL THAT ENCOMPASSES THE UNIVERSE!
AND THE OUTCOME IS NOT YET KNOWN EVEN TO ME!
YOU WILL HELP ME SUBDUE THE DARKNESS! YOU WILL PROVIDE ME WITH THINGS OF BEAUTY TO NOURISH MY SOUL.
CAN'T YOU SEE? TO ASSURE THE VICTORY OF WHAT IS GOOD IN MAN, I MUST FEED THAT PART OF ME THAT LOVES BEAUTY!
THE DARK SIDE OF MY NATURE PERSISTS IN TWISTING THE SCORE, SHADING MY MUSIC WITH DARK SOMBER TONES HINTING OF TERRIBLE THINGS TO COME!
GREAT WORKS OF ART FROM ALL OF TIME DELIVERED BY YOUR MIGHT AND THE WONDER OF THE ORGAN THAT WARPS THE CENTURIES!
DEAR GOD! WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF A MADMAN!

I AM THAT RARE MUSICIAN WITH A SCIENTIFIC INCLINATION. OVER THE YEARS I'VE BUILT INCREASINGLY MORE POWERFUL AND ELABORATE ORGANS.
K-K-KREEEK!
THIS IS THE CULMINATION OF A LIFETIME'S WORK... AN ORGAN WHOSE MIGHTY CHORDS REACTING WITH THOSE GIANT TUNING FORKS CAN DISTORT THE VERY WARP AND WEAVE OF TIME!
THUS FAR I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING INANIMATE OBJECTS THROUGH TIME... BUT THE HUMAN SPECIMENS HAVE FARED RATHER POORLY!
I'M ASSURED, HOWEVER THAT YOUR PECULIAR PHYSICAL MAKEUP IS IDEALLY SUITED FOR OUR TEMPORAL TASK!
WITH ONE SLIGHT MODIFICATION OF COURSE! YOU WELL EXCHANGE PLACES WITH DR. FRANKEN-STEIN HERE!
GRRORR
WHILE HE COMMANDEERS THAT ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION YOU CALL A BODY, THROUGH TIME!
IT WILL OF COURSE BE NECCESARY FOR YOU TO DIE AND BE REBORN, THE DETAILS OF WHICH THIS TIME WILL NOT ESCAPE THE GOOD DOCTOR! DETAILS THAT I MUST KNOW!
NO! PLEASE PRETORIOUS! DON'T MAKE ME GO THROUGH THAT!
SILENCE! NOTHING MUST OBSTRUCT THE FINISHING OF MY LAST GREAT OPERA! LET US BEGIN!

THIS TIME THE LIGHTNING WILL BE CONDUCTED DOWN TO THE MONSTER FROM THE ROOF OF THE OPERA HOUSE FAR ABOVE.
I SHALL BRING THE BODY TO LIFE AGAIN WITH YOUR BRAIN COMMANDING IT, HENRY FRANKENSTEIN!
NO! PRETORIOUS, I BEG YOU!
THE ORGAN IS COMPLETELY SHIELDED FROM THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY YOU'LL BE USING. BRING IN THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL!
COME NOW! ONCE YOU'VE HELPED ME ISOLATE THE LIFE-GIVING DETAILS I SHALL FIND A FINE YOUNG PERFECT BODY FOR!
TO BE HUMAN... TO BE WHOLE AGAIN? TO BE YOUNG AGAIN?
YOU'D LIKE THAT WOULDN'T YOU HENRY?
THE OPERATION MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN! BETTER I SHOULD BE COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
I SEE NOTHING BUT DARKEST EVIL HERE. WE ARE BOTH BEYOND HOPE!
THE LAST OF THE MONSTER'S GALVANIC ENERGY IS DRAINED! HE IS NOW INANIMATE.
THE ELECTRICAL AND SURGICAL PROCEEDURES WILL BE IDENTICAL WITH THE ORIGINAL OPERATION!
NO! IT'S INHUMAN! N-NNOOO!!
AND, OF COURSE, DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN WILL REMAIN CONSCIOUS THROUGHOUT!

LILITH EXERCISES HER TELEPATHIC POWERS...
THOUGH YOUR BODY IS DEAD YOUR MIND CAN STILL RECEIVE MY THOUGHTS YOU MUST BE ALERT FOR THE SLIGHTEST OPPORTUNITY TO FOIL THIS GODFORSAKEN PLAN!
I WILL NEVER GIVE UP!
AS IF IN ACCORD WITH THE MONSTROUS BUSINESS PROCEEDING BELOW, NATURE RIPS THE NIGHT SKY WITH A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORM...
B-B-BOOOM!
KRRAAAK!
BEGINNING THE TRANSPLANT!
MAKING INCISION AT BASE OF CRANIAL CAVITY...
LILITH CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY, HER PECULIAR ABILITY STRAINED TO THE UTMOST...
I'M BEING LIFTED!
HELP ME!
SOMETHING'S MOVING ME!
EEEEEEEEEE!

JUST ANOTHER FEW SECONDS!
EEEEEEEEE
IT'S THE GIRL! STOP HER!
SHE'S TELEPORTING FRANKENSTEIN'S HEAD!
UNGH! STOP HER! KILL HER! SHE'S RUINING EVERYTHING!
THE CABLE CONDUCTING LIGHTNING FROM THE OPERA HOUSE ROOF IS CHARGING THE MONSTER'S BODY!
GET THAT CABLE AWAY FROM HIM! INCREDIBLE GALVANIC POWER IS FLOODING INTO HIS BODY--
GUARDS! PROTECT THE ORGAN AT ANY COST! STOP THE MONSTER!

HE'S CONSUMED ENOUGH GALVANIC ENERGY TO FELL A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!
HE MUST BE STOPPED!
MY SPIDER-GUARDS ARE ELECTROCUTED THE MOMENT THEY TOUCH HIM!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH POWER SURGING THROUGH ME!
I-I CAN ALMOST CONTROL IT!
YAAARRGGHH!
HELP ME MIGHTY ONE! I CAN SENSE A GREATER DANGER YET APPROACHING! FREE ME!
TRULY, I HAVE BEEN DAMNED AND THIS IS- HELL!

RROOWNGG!!
GUARDS! STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT REACH THE TIME PLATFORM!
I CAN BARELY CONTROL THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY IN MY BODY. THANK HEAVENS LILITH ISN'T INJURED!
HE'S TOO STRONG! UNNGH!
KRAK!
MY HANDS ARE FREED!
WERE IT NOT FOR LILITH I'D STAY TO DESTROY ALL OF YOU!
HHHHMMMMMNNNNN
HE'S BLUNDERED ONTO THE TIME PLATFORM! WHEN THE TUNING FORKS ATTAIN WARP FREQUENCY BOTH THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL WILL BE PROJECTED OUT OF THIS TIME! IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP IT!!
THE ENERGY THE MONSTER'S CONSUMED MAKES HIM A WALKING BOMB! THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL...
...EXPLODE!
YOU FOOLS! THE MONSTER IS LOOSE IN ALL TIME!

SWEPT INTO THE VORTEX OF SWIRLING TIME PATHS, THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ARE STUNNED AND HELPLESS AS SURGING CURRENTS INEXORABLY SEPARATE THEM!
I'M LOSING YOU... DRIFTING AWAY! HELP ME MIGHTY ONE!
LILITH! I CAN'T REACH YOU...!
HELP ME!
HELP!
HELP! HELP! HELP
HELP!
UNGH!
GASP! SOLID GROUND UNDER ME... I'M OUT OF THE TIME WARP... BUT WHERE??
... FUTURE!??
POWERLESS... OUT OF CONTROL! WE'RE LOST IN TIME! ANY HOPE OF FINDING MY PAST GONE! CAN A BEING WITHOUT ANY PAST HAVE A...
WHERE INDEED! BE HERE WHEN THE INCREDIBLE CLASSIC OF THE ..... FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER IS CONTINUED!

WHOMP
HEY!! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!?! ENGINE'S DYIN'!!
MAYDAY! MAY... HUH!?!
PUT IT DOWN! WE DON'T WANT NO COMPANY!!
WE CONTRACTED YOU TO TAKE US TO MEXICO... WE AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL WE GET THERE!!
NO WAY MAN!! CAN'T KEEP THIS BIRD UP!! ONLY WAY YOU GET TO MEXICO, IS TO START SPROUTIN' WINGS...
...RIGHT NOW!!
SAND SASTRE
PAINTED UPON A CANVAS OF SAND AND SMOKE, THREE MEN FACE GRIM CONDITIONS... COUPLED WITH THE MASSIVE LINK OF AN EVEN GRIMMER FUTURE.
HEY, FLY BOY...WHERE ARE WE??
ABOUT A HUNDRED'N' FIFTY MILES FROM THE BORDER...AND
SURROUNDED BY AS MANY MILES OF SAND!!
WE ONLY GOT TWO CANTEENS!! WE'RE GONNA DIE...I KNOW IT!!...WE'RE GONNA DIE! IF I HAD ANY BRAINS I'D...
YOU'D WHAT!?!
DO ME A FAVOR, TONY... SHUDDUP!!
PABLO MARCOS 71

Script by: ED FEDORY Art by: PABLO MARCOS

I STILL SAY WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'RE GONNA DIE OUT HERE, BENNY!
CUT IT OUT, WILL YA!!? FLY BOY'LL GET US OUTTA HERE!!
WE STILL HAVE THE MAP AND COMPASS... THAT INCREASES OUR CHANCES SLIGHTLY!
YEAH, HE'LL GET US OUT...WHO IS HE... GOD!!?
SOON...
LET'S TAKE A REST ...I WANT TO CHECK OUR COURSE...
GIMME THE WATER... I'M DYIN' OF THIRST!!
LATER!!
COME ON, MAN! I'LL DIE WITHOUT THAT WATER...HAND IT OVER!!
BE NICE TO THE MAN, TONY!! HE'S GONNA GET US OUTTA HERE... HE CALLS THE SHOTS!!
I KNOW, TONY... EVER SINCE THAT KID WAS KILLED IN THE BANK JOB, YOU'VE TURNED YELLA!!
IF YOU HADN'T PANICKED, THAT KID'D STILL BE BREATHIN'!
YEAH!?! WHO FORGOT THE MONEY IN THE PLANE??
WHY, YOU LITTLE MANGY...

A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
SO HELP ME... I'LL KILL YA!!
OOOOMMMPPPH
HHHK
HEY!! NONE OF US ARE GOIN' TO MAKE IT IF WE START KILLIN' EACH OTHER!!
WHEN THE DAY BEGINS TO FALL BEFORE THE NIGHT...
...AND WHEN THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN ORB HAD SETTLED BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE WEST...
THERE, TONY... ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?
GULP GULP GULP
EASY ON THE WATER!! IT'S GOTTA LAST!
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SACK OUT FOR AWHILE...
...I'LL WAKE YOU IN AN HOUR. WE'RE GONNA TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS COOL NIGHT AIR!!
SHOULD HAVE LET BENNY KILL 'IM!! THREE OF US WILL NEVER MAKE IT!
SOON...
BENNY... WAKE UP... BENNY...
HUH!?!

SHHHHH... LISTEN TO ME...
...WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT WITH THE WATER WE HAVE LEFT... CAN'T LAST IF WE SPLIT IT THREE WAYS... WE'VE GOT TO...
I READ YA, MAN! I WANT TO GET OUTTA THIS ALIVE!
SSHHH... WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE HIM... YET!
HUH??!
OOOOMM... ON...
SOMEWHERE, A LONE COYOTE, PERCHED ON A DISTANT AND UNSEEN MOUNTAIN, HOWLS HIS LOVE SONG TO A RISING NOON... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR OF SAND, THE GUTTURAL SON OF DEATH RATTLES AND KNELLS WITHIN THE VALLEY OF LIFE... BETWIXT FINITE MORTAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY!
HOLD 'IM... HOLD 'IM!!
AARRGGHHH CHOKE AARRGGHH CHOKE
GET ME THE EMPTY CANTEEN!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THAT??
NO QUESTIONS, HUH?!... JUST GET IT!!

SECONDS LATER...
UUNNGGHHHooo UUNNGGGHHHHooo
YOU AIN'T GONNA ...WE'RE NOT GONNA DRINK...
HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO LIVE?? NO QUESTION OF MORALITY... JUST SURVIVAL!
...THERE!!
OOHHH GOD! I'M GONNA RETCH RETCH

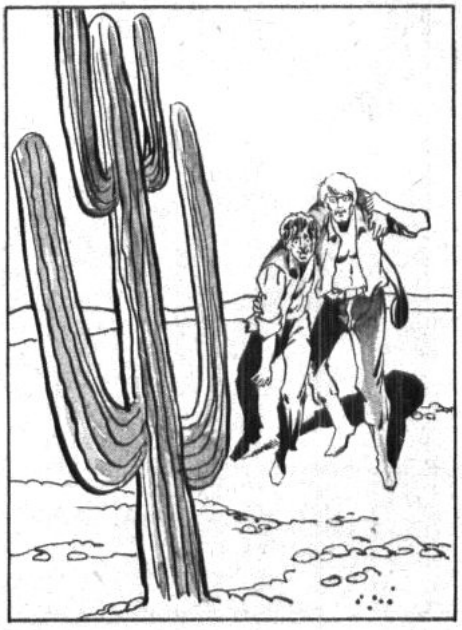
AS SCARLET FLUID PUSHED FROTHY CRIMSON FOAM TO THE NECK OF THAT HELLISH TANKARD...
COME ON... LET'S GET MOVIN'!
NEVER! I'LL NEVER DRINK IT ...NEVER!
WHEN YOU RELISH LIFE ABOVE YOUR MORAL QUALMS, YOU WILL!!

HOURS GAVE WAY TO DAYS, AS THE DAWN FOLLOWED THE NIGHT IN CONTINUOUS CYCLES!

DON'T THINK I CAN MAKE IT! COUGH COUGH
WHA!?
IT'S... IT'S...
...WATER!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??
LUST, BORN OF THIRST, SPEEDS ADRENALIN THROUGH THE PRIMAL SYSTEM...RAISING LAGGARD MUSCLES IN PHOENIX-LIKE FASHION, TO STRENGTH!
WATER!! WE'RE SAVED... WATER!
GET BACK HERE, YOU FOOL...THERE IS NO WATER!!
SO FRESH! CHOKE
SO COOL!! CHOKE
STOP IT, YOU FOOL... IT'S SAND! STOP!!
WATHA... WATHA!! CHOKE
I CAN'T LET YOU DIE!!
QUICK!!... START SPITTIN' IT OUT!!

SPIT IT OUT I SAID! DO YOU WANNA CHOKE?!
SPIT!!
PFSSSSST...
PFFSSST
WHAT D'YA WANNA DO...KILL YOURSELF?! COME ON, WE GOTTA GET GOIN'! AHEAD LIES THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM!
LOOK!!
* THERE... JUST BEYOND THE RISE!
CACTUS??

A LONE SAGUARO...A MINUTE OASIS AMIDST THE VAST SEAS OF SAND...A REPRIEVE FROM ***ARID DEATH***...A LITTLE PATCH OF ***HEAVEN*** ON THE PARCHED FLOOR OF ***HELL!!***



THERE! NECTAR OF THE GODS... WATER FOR YOUR THIRST!!
AT LAST... THANK GOD, AT LAST!!
WITH MAMMOTH LUST BORN OF DEPRIVATION...
AAHHH ooo AAHHHH ooo
WATER!! GOOD!!
WHY ;SLURP; AREN'T YOU DRINKIN'?
;SLURP;
;SLURP;
WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED I WILL INDULGE!
GIMME THE CANTEEN ...DUMP OUT THAT...
...BLOOD!?
MY GOD!! YOU DRANK IT!
HA HA HA HA HA!!
WHY?!! YOU HAD WATER... WE SHARED IT! WHY?!
SIMPLY, BECAUSE I PREFER THAT CARNAL LIQUID!
YES, I PARTOOK OF THAT VILE TASTING WATER... WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ME GIVE MYSELF AWAY?!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE... A...A...
YES, BUT DO NOT BOTHER YOURSELF WITH THAT VULGAR TERM WITH WHICH THOSE OF MY BREED HAVE BEEN BRANDED! MERELY LET US SAY, THAT THE TASTES I HAVE ACQUIRED ARE SOMEWHAT UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF THE NORM!
WHY DO YOU THINK WE KILLED YOUR COMPANION? BECAUSE I WAS RAVAGED WITH THIRST! I HAVE KEPT YOU ALIVE FOR GOOD REASON! YOU ARE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING MY HUMAN CANTEEN!!
BUT, IT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE THAT YOU HAVE A KNOWLEDGE OF MY SECRET...
...FOR EVEN WITH YOUR MORTAL VISION, YOU CAN SEE THE CANTEEN IS... EMPTY!!
HA HA HAAAAA
HA,HA,HAAA AN ATTEMPT AT SAVING YOURSELF?! HA, HA, HA, HAAAA!
AAIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

NO EYES WITNESS THE TABLEAU OF BLOOD-STAINED HORROR SAVE THE GLARING OMNIPRESENT SUN, AND BLACK-WINGED DOTS CIRCLING HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY!
WITH LUST SPENT, THE MIND TOYS WITH OTHER PROBLEMS...
STILL ANOTHER SEVENTY-FIVE MILES TO THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT ON THE MAP!
GOT TO MOVE FAST, AND KEEP MOVIN'!!
BEFORE TOO MANY HOURS PASS...
ONLY BEEN A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND ALREADY THE PARCHNESS RETURNS!
YOU WON'T GET ME, YOU LOUSY BUZZARDS!
HAVE TO WAIT FOR A DRINK... GOT TO MAKE IT LAST!!
CAN'T STAND IT... MUST DRINK!!
NO!! WHEN THE SUN SETS... THEN HAVE A DRINK!!
MAYBE ONE LITTLE SIP? SURE, THERE'S PLENTY LEFT... JUST ENOUGH TO WET YOUR MOUTH A LITTLE? YEAH, JUST A LITTLE ONE!
JUST DRINK ENOUGH TO KEEP MY TONGUE FROM STICKIN' TO THE ROOF OF MY MOUTH... THAT'S ALL!!
WITH THE PASSING OF THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE INFERNO KEEPS TO ITS FEVER PITCH... YOU RESIST THE WILD, TORMENTED CRIES OF YOUR ROUGH, PARCHED THROAT... RESIST, UNTIL ALL FRAGMENTS OF WILL AND SELF-CONTROL ARE LOST TO THE FEEBLE MURMURS OF THE GENTLE WIND!!

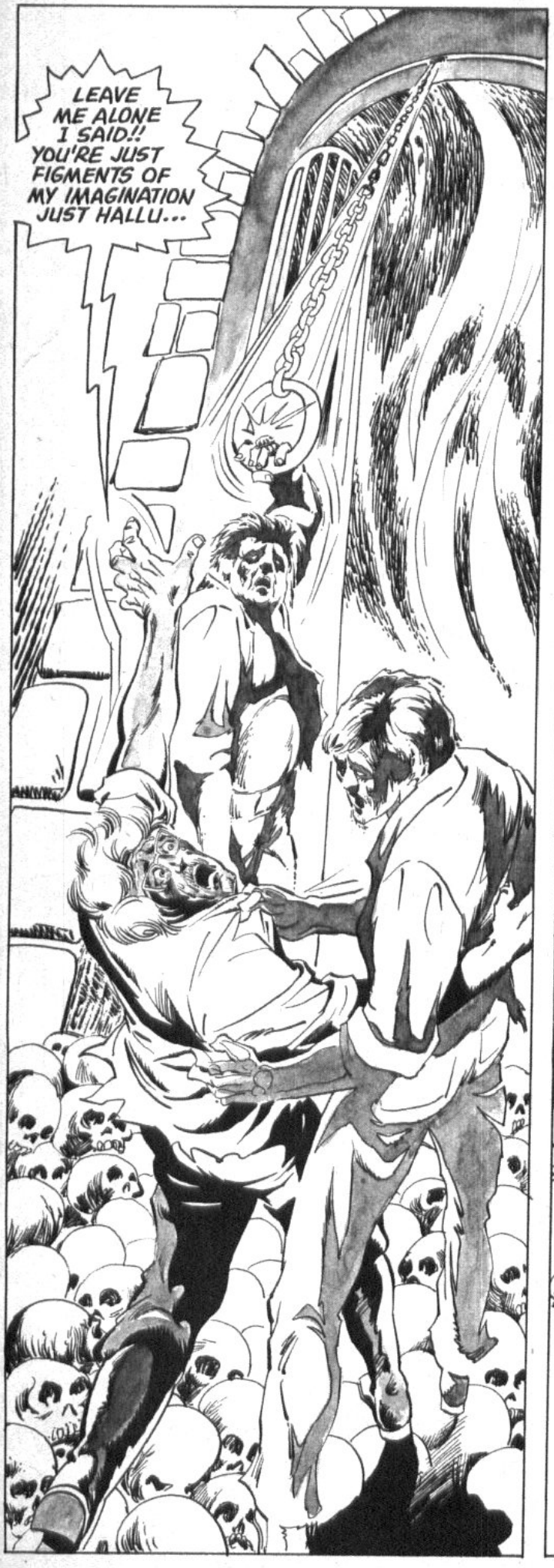
THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT RELIEF...THE DAWN BREAKS WITHOUT RESPITE...*A MAN AWAKES...WITHOUT HOPE!!*

UUNGGGHHH... UNGGGHHH... CHOKE CHOKE
WHA..?! A CASTLE... HERE??
HA HA HA HA HAAAAAAAA!
TOO MUCH DETAIL FOR A MIRAGE... A TIME WARP!! MAYBE PEOPLE... BLOOD! AHHH, FATE!!
HA HA HA HAAAAAAAA!!
HAVE TO MAKE IT TO THE GATE! GET HELP... FOOD!!
BURDENED WITH THE HANDICAP OF FATIGUE AND MALNUTRITION, IT IS DIFFICULT... NAY, IMPOSSIBLE... TO MANEUVER UPON THE PATCHWORK OF STONE!
OOOOPPPSSS!

MEN SPEAK IN HUSHED WHISPERS BEHIND HOARY OAK, BRASS-STRAPPED AND BONDED FOR ***ETERNITY***... OR IS IT AGAIN, THAT FLEETING, SENSUAL WIND... MURMURING WITH HER TORRID BREATH?!

WHAT TOOK YA S' LONG, FLY BOY??
YEAH, WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA!
NOOO!! YOU'RE BOTH DEAD... I KILLED YOU!!
H-HALLUCINATIONS... BEEN IN THE SUN TOO LONG!!

NO...'TWAS ***NOT*** THE TEPID LIMBS OF A VOLUPTUOUS BREEZE THAT HELP YOU FIRM IN HER EMBRACE...RATHER, THE ***FRIGID***, CLAMMY FINGERS OF ***DEATH!!***



IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE WORLD... IN THE UNIVERSITIES... THE JUNGLES... THE ASPHALT-CARPETED STREETS, MEN SPEAK OF ***DEATH***... RAISING QUESTIONS, THAT EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS, WERE ***ARCHAIC!*** GUESSING, EVER GUESSING. ***WONDERING, EVER WONDERING! REASONING, EVER REASONING!*** AS IF MERE MORTAL COMPREHENSION COULD COMPROMISE THE LAWS! ***THEY CAST WAXEN AUTHORITY TO A WANING MOON... HOPING KNOWLEDGE*** WILL FIND THEM... WITHOUT ***EXPERIENCE!!***

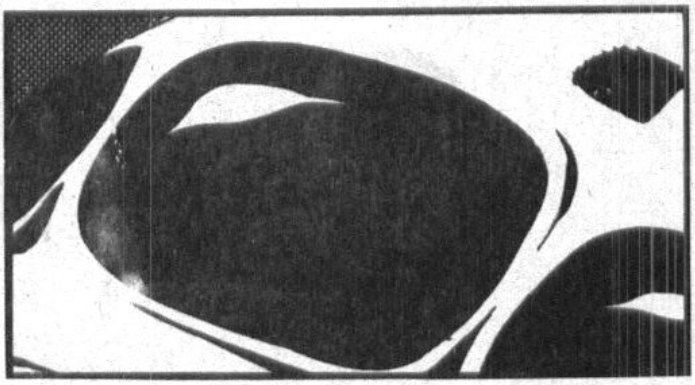
Fin

PSYCHO SUMS IT UP:

We think this issue of PSYCHO contains the finest stories and art ever assembled in a horror magazine. Now we'd like YOUR opinions! Number the stories you liked best (from 1-8) and mail your rating to PSYCHO magazine. We'll announce the results in PSYCHO #8.

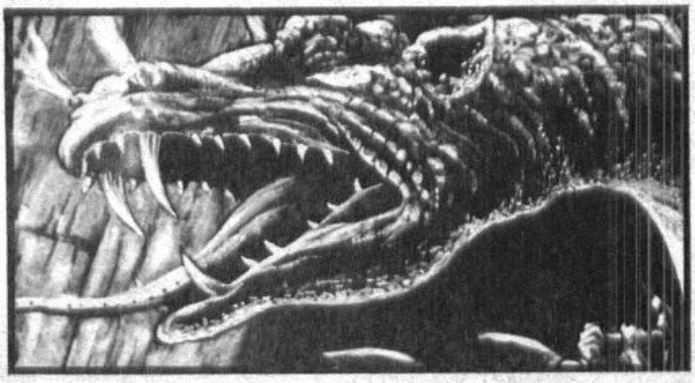
THE VOW

MIDNIGHT SLASHER



SLEEP

THE HEAP



VOYAGE OF SINBAD

OF A SUDDEN

FRANKENSTEIN

SAND CASTLE

Remarks:

Bill Sienkiewicz